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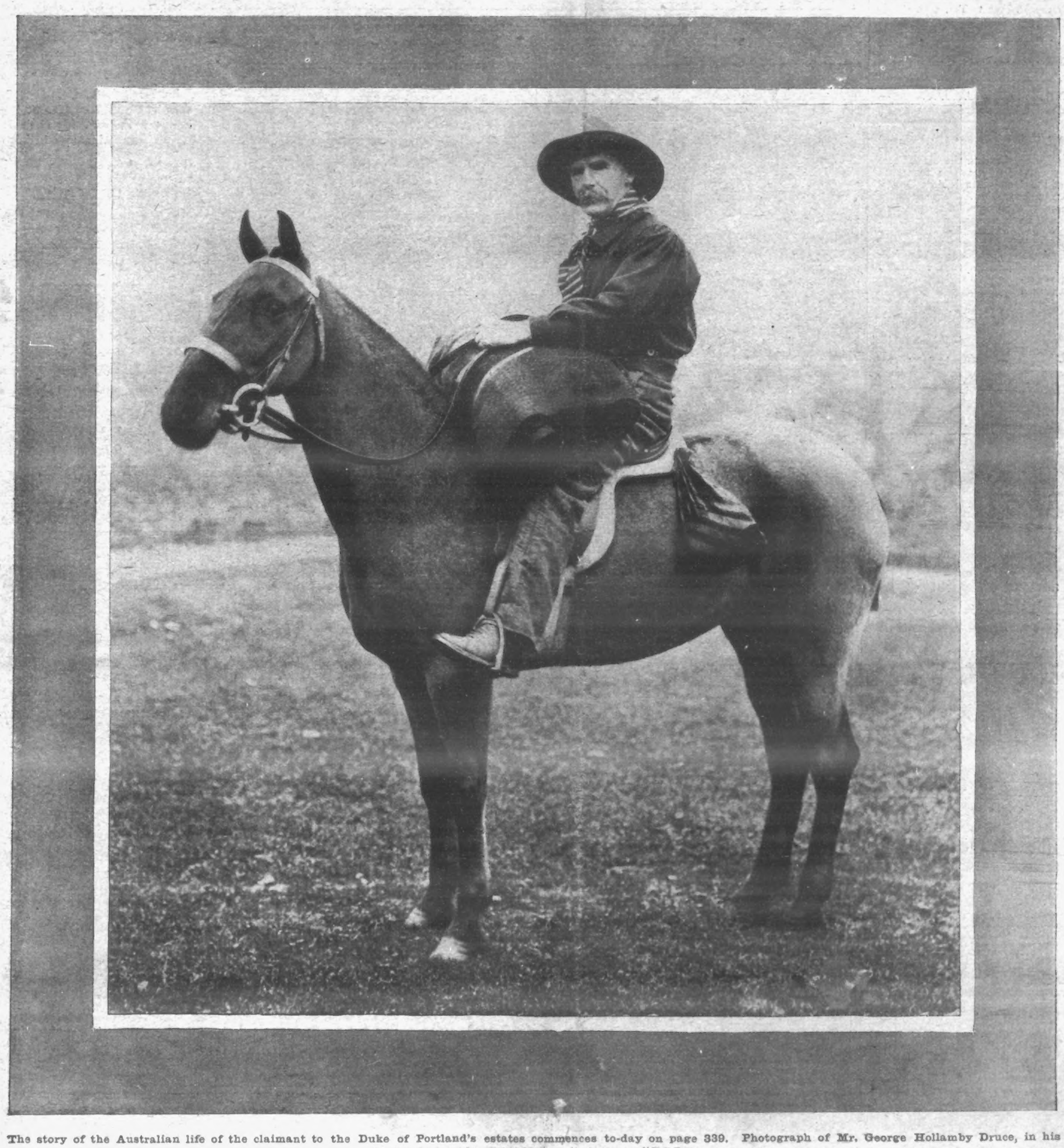
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

MY LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

By GEORGE HOLLAMBY DRUCE.



The story of the Australian life of the claimant to the Duke of Portland's estates commences to-day on page 339. Photograph of Mr. George Hollamby Druce, in his bushman's outfit, published exclusively in "P.I.P."

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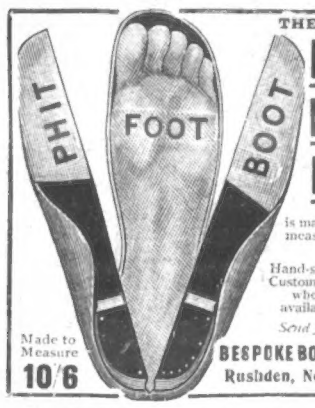

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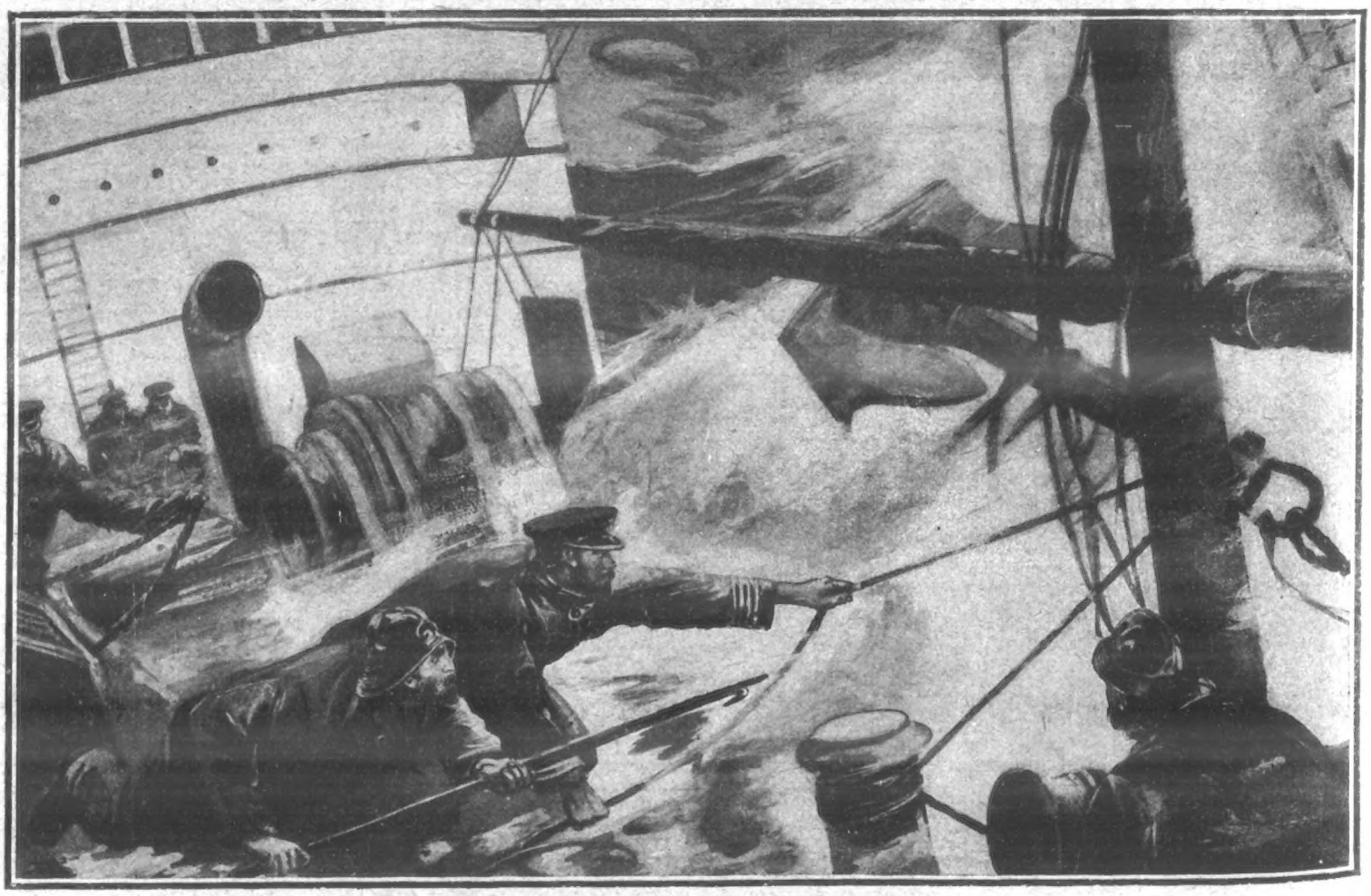
SUFFRAGETTES RAID LONDON POLICE COURTS.

The Suffragettes parade with sandwich boards outside one of the Courts.

THE OLDHAM COTTON DISPUTE.

The workers' representatives waiting outside the Midland Hotel, Manchester, to see Mr. Lloyd George.



WHAT CAUSED THE "MAURETANIA" AN HOUR'S DELAY.

The "Mauretania" was delayed an hour on her maiden voyage through an anchor tearing free from its lashings under the strain of the storm, so that the engines had to slow down while the lashings were effectually secured. Captain Pritchard, who commands the ship, personally secured the anchor, though the gale made the operation a matter of extreme difficulty. In consequence of this occurrence Tuesday's run amounted only to 464 knots, whereas the "Lusitania" on her second day did 575 knots.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

MY LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

BY

George H. Druce

(Edited by KENNETH HENDERSON).

I HAVE been asked to give an account of some of my earlier experiences in Australia, showing how my life "down under" differed so greatly from that which has been my lot since I arrived in this country. Needless to say, this is a difficult task for me to perform. At the present time I am so much occupied in sifting the wheat from the chaff in the fresh evidence which daily comes to hand, that it is difficult to find time to devote myself to anything save that which bears upon the successful prosecution of my claim.

Judging by the questions which are frequently put to me, I should imagine that many English people still regard Australia as a half-civilised country, where those who are not engaged in gold-mining adopt the more venturesome and precarious career of bush-ranging. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether ten per cent. of the present population of Australia have ever seen a gold-digging, and their acquaintance with bushrangers has been limited to that which they have gleaned by reading novels written in England. Of course, things were different in the roaring 'fifties, when the gold fever first broke out, and men from all countries and of all stations in life flocked to the new Eldorado, maddened by the reports of great finds. *Then* the country was lawless, and my earliest recollections are of living in a log cabin, gabled with canvas, which my father had built on his claim, near the spur of the Bogong Range, about three-quarters of a mile from the Chinese camp. It was on the alluvial diggings that my boyhood's days were spent. The greater part of my day was passed in helping my father with the sluice-boxes or in attempting to pick up the rudiments of an education.

It is unnecessary for me to state that schools were conspicuous by their absence, and many stories are told of those who were born and brought up on the diggings. One of the best was that which, I believe, Lionel Brough used to tell. It dealt with a young miner who had been born on the diggings and who was working on an isolated claim. Ill luck had pursued him for a long time, and he had almost given up in despair. The story went that, one evening the miner was seated at the entrance to his hut, above the doorway of which was a card with "Ici on parle Français" printed thereon.

It so happened that a "sundowner"—a Frenchman, anyway—happened to pass that evening, and, catching sight of the sign, was naturally overjoyed to find someone who knew his own language. He rushed up to the miner, wrung his hand, and commenced addressing him in French.

For a moment the miner was too astonished to speak. When he did find his voice it was to inquire, roughly, what the other was "coming at." By way of reply the Frenchman pointed to the sign over the door, and asked why it was there.

"I can have what I like over my own door, can't I?" inquired the miner.

"Yes; but you don't seem to know what it means. That sign means 'French spoken here.'"

"French spoken here!" roared the miner. "I bought that for five shillings the other day from a man who told me it was the Latin for 'God bless my happy home'!"

My father was scarcely more fortunate. It was all he could do to make sufficient to provide us with the bare necessities of life. This continued until 1865, when I was ten years old. In that year my father received letters from the late Mr. A. R. Young, who was acting as executor for Thomas Charles Druce, of the Baker Street Bazaar, London, stating there was a legacy of £1000 left to him. Immediately upon the receipt of these letters my father set out by wagon for Melbourne, a distance of about two hundred miles. I remember his return, about a month later, and the excitement there was when the money was received and my father decided to leave the diggings and purchase a business in Melbourne.

Of all the incidents connected with my boyhood's days, I think the journey from the diggings to Melbourne is the most vivid in my memory. My father had contracted with Young, the overland carrier, to take us all to Melbourne, so one morning we climbed aboard his six-horse wagon and set out. I sat on the tailboard, so as to have one last look at the home we were leaving. I had looked forward to living in a town, but then my only thoughts were for the deserted hut and sluice-boxes. Several of my playmates, children of neighbouring miners, had gathered to wish me good-bye, and there they stood waving their hands until a bend in the track hid them from my sight.

It was early summer when we left the Yackendandah, and no rain had fallen for weeks, so the track, where there was one, was several inches deep with dust. After the novelty wore off I grew thoroughly weary of the continuous rumbling of the wagon as we jogged along our journey. But, of course, it was necessary, despite the great heat, to keep on the move until we reached a stream, where our camp was pitched for the night.

It was during the afternoon of the second day that we gained an insight into Young's true character. He had told me so many tales of adventures in the bush, when we were seated around the camp-fire the night before, that I regarded him with a mixed feeling of awe and admiration. My first hero in real life, however, soon fell from the pinnacle upon which I had placed him. Along the overland routes to the large towns in Australia, at intervals of ten miles or so, there are what are known as grog-shops, retailing a strong adulterated spirit known as "snake-juice." Early in the afternoon we drew up at one of these shanties, and Young climbed down from his seat to get a drink. All through the afternoon and the greater part of the evening he remained there drinking. It was in vain that my father pleaded with him to resume the journey. Threats alike were useless. My mother and we children in the wagon could hear my father's voice raised in anger as he expostulated with the keeper of the shanty. Then, as the strong raw spirit took effect on Young we heard his raucous voice singing snatches of popular ditties. And so the evening wore on. My father would come out and say he could not prevail upon Young to leave off, and then, in response to my mother's pleadings, he would again enter the grog-shop. Eventually, with a volley of curses, Young came staggering out from the shanty, and commenced belabouring the team with the driver's whip. The horses started plunging, in their endeavour to escape the lash, and threatened at any moment to overturn the wagon. Finally, with the assistance of the keeper of the shanty, my father threw Young onto the tailboard of the wagon, where he lay, raving deliriously, afterwards subsiding into a drunken stupor. It being necessary that our journey should be continued, my father took the team in hand until a suitable camping ground was found.

By morning Young had sufficiently recovered again to take the reins. He did not appear to be in the slightest way put out or abashed at what he must have known took place the previous day. We did not mention the matter, thinking it was just an occasional occurrence. To our disgust, however, we had to go through the same experience each day. Young would pull up at every grog-shop and remain there till he was hopelessly drunk.

Still, all things have an ending. After twelve days, in which time we had covered about two hundred miles, we reached the outskirts of Melbourne. The country we had come through was hilly, stone-strewn ground, covered, for the most part, with dense bush, through which the track was at times barely perceptible.

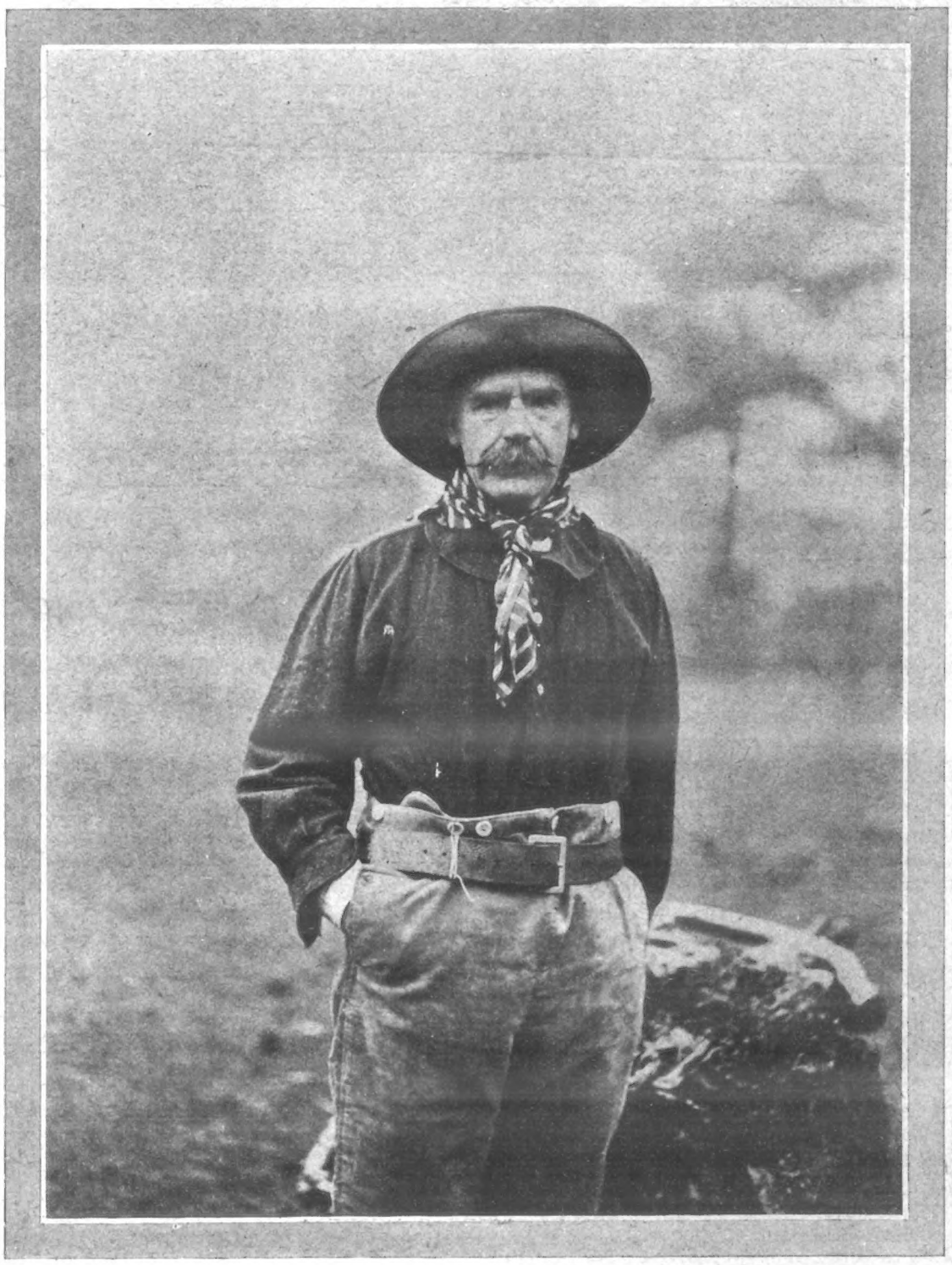
People who have been born and brought up in large cities will find it difficult to imagine my delight and wonder when viewing for the first time the buildings of Melbourne. Even a two-storey house was a novelty to me, and the noise and clatter of the crowded streets was almost terrifying after the solitude of the bush.

Gradually, however, I became accustomed to town life. My father purchased a market-gardener's business, and although at first it was a profitable investment—as in those days cauliflowers fetched twelve shillings a dozen—he had later to sell out at a great loss.

It was about this time, 1869 or '70, that I commenced to try and earn a living for myself. I was apprenticed to a fireproof-safe maker named George Dyke. This man, however, went away and left me to the tender mercies of his two assistants. A few weeks after Mr. Dyke left they tarred me all over. The same afternoon I ran away, and obtained a situation as striker to the smith in a lorry-builders. There I was much happier, making a firm friend of the smith, a powerful Scotsman. My pleasure, however, was short-lived. I had been working at the lorry-builders for about two months, when Mr. Dyke came into the yard and showed me the indentures I had signed, and said I should have to go back and work for him. I refused, so he left. A few days later he called again. He repeated his demands, and said if I refused I should have to go to prison. I was just going to follow him out, when my friend the Scotsman came forward and drove him out of the yard. Unfortunately, the smith's kindness availed me but little. The same afternoon Mr. Dyke appeared again, this time reinforced by a policeman. I struggled my hardest, but to no purpose; they soon had me in a conveyance, and drove me off to the watch-house. When I recall to memory what happened to me at that time I cannot help thinking that there was something amiss with police regulations which made it necessary that a boy of fifteen, against whom the only charge which could be brought was that he had not conformed with his apprenticeship indentures, and for which nonconformity he had ample justification, should be treated as though he were a dangerous criminal.

I was detained in the jail for the one night because my parents were unable at such short notice to find bail for me. The upshot of the whole affair was, the magistrate compelled me to return and work for Dyke. But it was not for long. Dyke soon afterwards went away to Adelaide, leaving me free to do as I wished.

I then returned home, and spent my time in trying to cultivate a knowledge of painting. If I may be permitted to say so, I was making very good progress, when one Sunday morning I quarrelled with my sister, and there and then determined to leave home the following morning and go up-country. When I made known my intentions, my parents refused to believe I was in earnest, but they altered their minds when they saw me putting together my personal belongings. My mother brought a blanket, and rolled it round a change of my underclothing. That was the start in life she gave me. My father presented me with a new "billey-can," a loaf of bread, and three shillings, saying, "There you are, now you can be off"; and then, thinking, perhaps, that my mother's munificence would outshine his own, added as an afterthought, "and you can take the dog with you." The following morning the dog and myself set out, "humping bluey."



MR. GEORGE HOLLAMBY DRUCE IN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S OUTFIT.

(To be continued.)

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

FRANKLY, one would like to see such a fine actor as Mr. Arthur Bourchier with better material at his command than Murray Carson and Norah Keith supply in "Simple Simon," now running at the Garrick Theatre. Simon Strange, the "Simple Simon" of the story, is a wealthy man of business, and, although the joint authors tell us he is a clever man-of-the-world as well, I confess that it is a stretch of the imagination to believe this when he is taken in by the apparent frankness of Gladys Gywn-Stanley, whose scheming mother marks Simon down as an eligible son-in-law. Later Simon's eyes are open: he discovers that Gladys does not care a penny-three-farthings about him—in fact, Gladys emulates the example of Sapphira, and perpetrates untruths for Simon with unflagging energy. And what does straightforward, honest Simon do? Instead of going straight to his fiancée and telling her he knows all, he marries her, pretending to love her, and afterwards takes his revenge by purposely "growing cold."

***

Finally, we are given a nappy ending. Simon Strange's City office gets into financial difficulties, but he manages to pull through at the critical moment, when Gladys appears on the scene to inform him that her entire fortune is at his disposal—if he will take it. He doesn't; but takes Gladys in his arms instead. Curtain. To me, it seems that there must be more of Nora Keith's work in the play than of Murray Carson's, for a woman's handiwork is writ largely all over it. Mr. Arthur Bourchier gives us one of his usual clever studies as blunt Simon Strange, but I remember having seen Miss Violet Vanbrugh in parts which have suited her better than does that of Gladys Gywn-Stanley. To my mind the gem of the piece is supplied by Miss Henrietta Watson who, as a widow who speaks her own mind, is simply charming; while Mr. Cyril Keightley is good as Captain Villiers, Gladys's first choice. The subordinate parts, too, are well played by Messrs. Whitby, Quartermaine, Imbert, and Miss Eileen Orby. I hope soon to see Mr. Bourchier in a play worthy of his great ability.

***

Mr. Paul Rubens tells me that Mr. Frank Tours, better known, perhaps, as "Frankie" Tours, has collaborated with him in providing the music in the two plays entitled "The Hoyden" and "The Norse Girl."

***

Although he will be as busy as a bee all day at the time, the indefatigable Mr. Seymour Hicks told me, when I saw him at the Aldwych a few nights ago, that he will appear at the Palace Theatre at Christmas, 1908, in a duologue with his wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, at the paltry salary of £400 a week. To let you into a secret, that is almost as much as I am earning a week at the present time. This engagement, by-the-bye, affords still another example of the keen foresight of Mr. Alfred Butt, who is evidently determined that Palace audiences shall have the best, and nothing but the best.

***

Mr. Joseph Lyons has made rapid strides with the dramatisation of "The Master Crime," into which thrilling story a powerful love-interest has been introduced. It will be interesting to see at which theatre we shall find Mr. Lyons in management. I have a strong notion that I could tell you in twice; but—well, all in good time.

***

I am authorised to state that there is absolutely no truth in the rumour which has recently been widely circulated to the effect that Miss Zena Dare is engaged to be married to the son of a well-known Peer. How do these reports get about I wonder?

The cast for "The Platonics of Angela," which play Mr. Charles Frohmann will shortly produce at the Comedy, will include Messrs. Allan Aynesworth, Herbert Ross, Fred Grove, Ernest Cosham, Fred Lewis, and Eric Lewis; also the Misses Florence Tempest, Lillah McCarthy, and, last but not least, Marie Tempest. I hear, by-the-bye, that Miss Tempest has a part which suits her like a Paquin gown.

***

In these days of huge salaries, it is interesting to recall the "first beginnings" of those who have now reached the head of their profession. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for instance, whose weekly salary to-day surely runs well into three figures, relates that in her initial engagement she received the colossal salary of £2 a-week, later appearing in pastoral plays at a further increase of half-a-sovereign. Under the strain of having to look after this gigantic remuneration her health broke down, but when she recovered she went to the Adelphi, and there Mr. A. W. Pinero chanced to see her and selected her on the spot for the title-rôle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," so that actually within a year and a half she had risen from the bottom to the top of the ladder in her profession.

***

Miss Lena Ashwell, encouraged by the signal success of her flying matinées to Eastbourne and Birmingham, has now arranged to give similar representations of the dramatic success of the season, "Irene Wycherley," at Cardiff, on Thursday, Dec. 12. This is a somewhat bold venture and has never yet been attempted; but by dint of utilising two dressing saloons attached to the 5.0. p.m. express, and a service of motor cars at the Paddington terminus, Miss Ashwell is confident of reaching the Kingsway Theatre without delaying the rising of the curtain at the advertised time.

***

I learn that, early in January, Mrs. Langtry will commence a season at a certain West End Theatre with a new play written by Mr. Hartley Manners.

***

M. Beketow, the proprietor of the Russian Circus now enjoying a season at Hengler's, tells me that an important feature of his Christmas programme will be a new fairy spectacle entitled "Pierrot in Fairyland," which should be just the thing for youngsters home for the holidays. I hear, too, that M. Beketow is providing a circus for Olympia.

***

Last week, at the Empire Theatre, Mlle. Adeline Genée completed her tenth year of brilliant and unbroken service there. Heartiest congratulations to the première danseuse, who, without doubt, has no equal in her art.

Photo. Bassano.

ANOTHER ACTRESS-PEERESS.

It is stated on very good authority that Miss Billee Burke, the well-known actress, is to marry one of the youngest and wealthiest of our peers.

THE PEEP-SHOW

By THE SHOWMAN.

A "STAR" AT THIRTY SHILLINGS.

Mr. Wilkie Bard, who has just signed a contract to go to Drury Lane in 1908 as principal comedian for three years, tells me a funny story of his early struggles. He says that one Monday, at a little music-hall in Yorkshire, he "topped the bill"—which is a phrase signifying that his name was "starred" at the head of the list of performers—at thirty shillings a week. In this case, however, the local management did not indulge in such luxuries as posters. They had a large looking-glass outside the hall, and the performers' names were inscribed upon it in soap. After his first evening's performance, Mr. Bard was told that the manager wanted to see him, so he went round to the front of the house. The manager turned to his wife, who was assisting behind the bar, and said, in broadest Yorkshire, "Mother, what's the sixth of thirty bob?" The lady told him. Indicating Wilkie with a wave of the hand, he said, "Give him a couple of bob and tell him to pop off. He's too quiet for us." Surely as good a testimony to the artistic restraint of the performance that anyone could desire.

***

BISHOPS AND BULLOCKS.

Answers to correspondents, by our own Bishop! The Bishop of Truro (Dr. Stubbs) says that the Cornish folk are a little bit exacting in their conception of what a bishop ought to do for them. One Vicar has written to him for information about grafting his apple-trees, whilst another agriculturist, who met the bishop out walking, wanted him to head back a herd of runaway bullocks.

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THE BISHOP'S MOVE.

At stopping bullocks, running fast,
He wasn't quite adept;
Although for many seasons past,
A flock of "sheep" he'd kept!

***

A contemporary announces that an optimistic sportsman from Christiania is going to drag the bed of the ocean for sea-serpents with baited hooks. Why not try a pinch of salt?

***

The "Limerick Tragedy," as announced in the daily papers recently, has nothing to do with last lines, although the state of mind of the people who write the latter must often be tragic enough.

***

A STREAKY ACTOR.

Have you heard of O'Rafferty? He is the black Sussex pig who is to take a leading part in Mr. Cyril Maude's next play at the Playhouse. He will have a squeaking part.

***

HARD LINES.

They called the leading man a "pig,"
For taking all the "fat."
But, knowing all the circumstance,
Could he be blamed for that?

SPECIAL TO THE "P.I.P."

THE CLAIM FOR £150,000,000.

MR. G. HORTON MORRIS INTERVIEWED

A SHORT, slight, wiry man, with large, smiling, blue-grey eyes beneath well-marked black eyebrows, with a good-natured mouth half-hidden beneath a long grey moustache, and close-cut grey whiskers, and a pointed beard—that is the outward appearance of Mr. George Horton Morris, the claimant for the Page millions, which are said to have an area of sixty square miles, lying north and west of the Marble Arch, and including about a third of the county of Middlesex, whole suburbs of London, and some parts of rural Hertfordshire.

The life history of a man who claims the almost fabulous wealth of a hundred and fifty million pounds sterling cannot fail to be interesting to every man and woman in the world, for to-day, more, perhaps, than ever before, wealth is the most interesting subject on earth. To a representative of the *P.I.P.* Mr. Morris, almost immediately after his arrival in London, consented to tell some portion of his life-story, and to show, in his own words, how he is able to put in a claim to the property which will make him the richest man in the world if only he is able to substantiate the claim, which he has come all the way from Australia to investigate.

Mr. Morris's Story.

Although having come from Australia [Mr. Morris said], so that most people will naturally fancy that I am an Australian, I really am a Londoner; in fact, I may almost call myself a Cockney, for I was born in Stepney. My family is a very old Welsh one, and on my father's side was devoted to the sea. Although he himself did not follow the profession, his father was a captain in the Royal Navy, and his grandfather also held rank in the service, as did others of his forebears, and we even number an admiral among our relatives.

I was born in 1844, and went to school at the Birkbeck Schools, at Cambridge Heath. With a craze for the sea running in my blood, I need scarcely tell you that the one ambition of my life was to follow what I may call the family profession.

I Ran Away To Sea.

My family, however, had other views for me. The upshot of the matter was that I took the decision into my own hands and did what so many other boys have done: I ran away and went to sea. As a matter of fact I got on board a collier brig, not a praticularly pleasant sort of craft, but still it was going to sea, and that was sufficient for me. On her my father discovered me very shortly after I had settled myself, and he took me home with him. Although my dream of the sea was thus rudely shattered for the moment, I must admit I was by no means sorry, for the conditions were not of a pleasant nature. Still, I did not lose my desire for the life I wanted to follow. When my father saw how strong was my bent, he came to the conclusion it would be better to allow me to go to sea, but he thought I had better go under more favourable auspices. He got me a berth on a steamer—the *Parthenon*, trading in the Mediterranean, and I remained on her for some time.

Altogether, I was at sea for the next two or three years, when my father, who had some influence, got me an appointment as teller in the London and Westminster Bank, and I was appointed to the Lothbury Branch.

I Marry and Settle Down.

While I was employed there I met and married the lady who is now my wife.

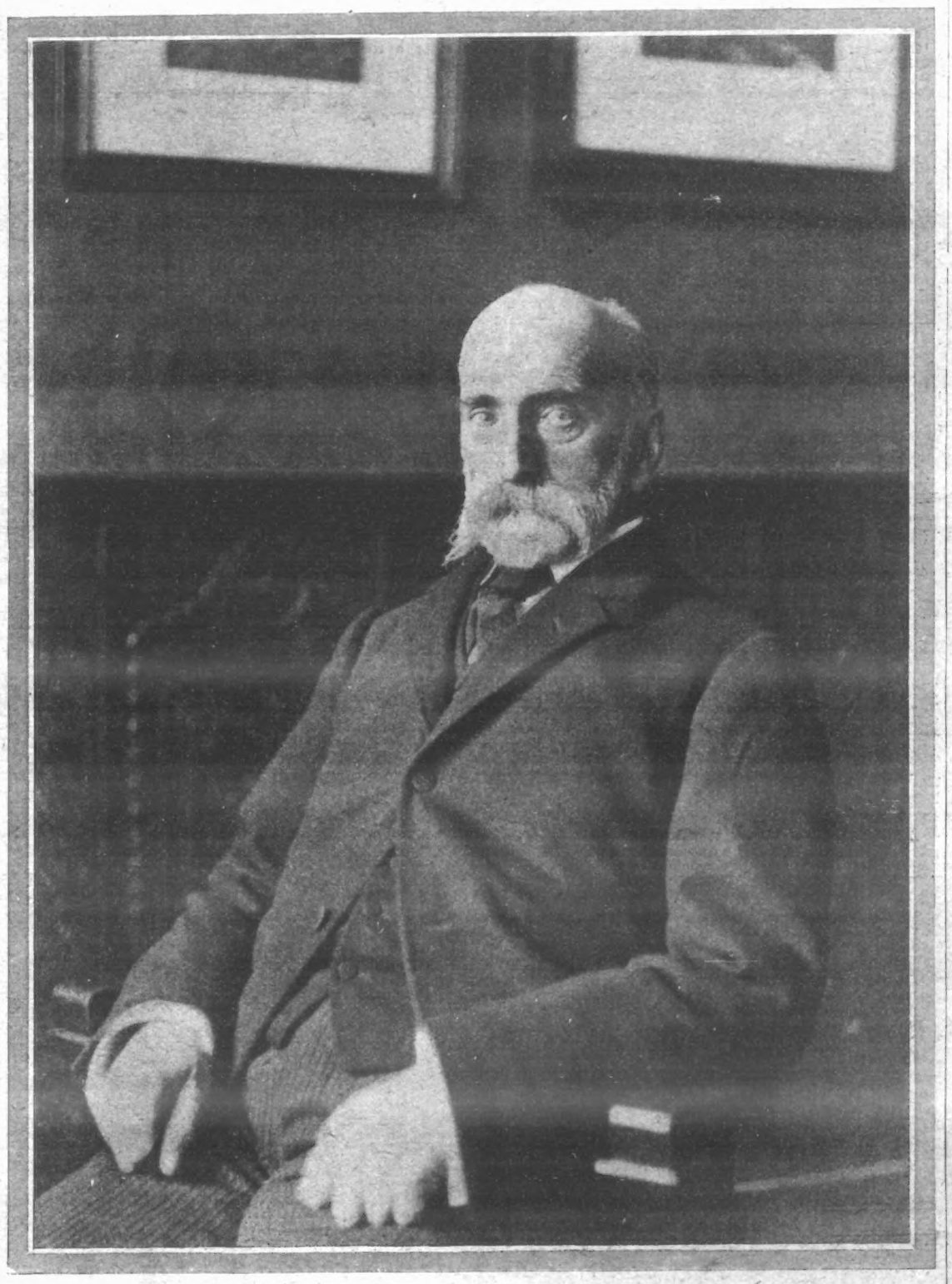
While at the bank my health broke down, and the directors gave me a long leave of absence. My chest became weak, and I had to go to the Ventnor Hospital for Consumptives to recuperate, though, happily, I was not suffering from consumption, but from what is called a weak chest.

The directors of the bank learned about that time that it was impossibie for me to resume my employment, and they gave me a handsome present of money. Before this my wife's people, her mother, brothers, and sister went to live in Australia, and I was advised that the better climate and the open-air life of that colony would be more beneficial to me than remaining in England. My wife therefor ewent to Australia to join her people, and to have a home ready for me when I should arrive. Three days after they left, however, I was so low-spirited that I determined to follow without delay. I found a sailing-ship on the point of starting. I took passage on her, and in three months I landed at Sydney, perfectly well and strong. The voyage had made a new man of me, and, though it was so long ago as 1879, I have never been ill since.

My Life in Danger.

As soon as I arrived, I naturally had to look for work. I was not long in finding it. There were several openings, and, among other things, I travelled about the country for a large life insurance company, and at the same time acted as correspondent for the *Sydney Mail*, for which I used to visit the agricultural shows in the various districts in which I happened to be. Eventually, I had an offer from Messrs. Hill, Clarke, and Co., to take a position of manager in their large wool warehouse. There I nearly lost my life. One day I was standing by while the men were opening some bales of hides. A fly flew out of one of them and stung me on the cheek. I took no notice of it at the time, but next day my face began to swell, and I became very ill indeed. A doctor was sent for, who pronounced it blood-poisoning. In spite of his treatment, my face and throat swelled to an enormous size, and I was unable to see for weeks. One night my life was despaired of, and it was only saved by Mrs. Morris sitting up throughout the long hours carrying out the doctor's instructions. In time, the place on my cheek had to be lanced, and I believe pure carbolic acid was used to dress it. The pain was something terrible, and I was almost rendered insensible by it at times.

When I got better I resumed my work, but I still carried a scar to remind me of a time when only the devotion of my wife saved my life.



MR. GEORGE HORTON MORRIS,
Ex-sailor and gold-miner, who is investigating his claim to the Page Estate.
(Taken specially in "P.I.P." office.)

I Work a Gold-Mine.

In my earlier life in Australia, while I represented the *Sydney Mail*, and subsequently, I had a good deal of experience of the bush. It is curious to find how little it is understood in England what is meant by "the bush." With us the term is used for the country, whether it is thickly timbered, covered with scrub, or simply open country, and it may also be applied to open or mountainous places. In fact, what we call "the bush" would simply be called "the country" in England. One place in the bush in which I lived was Junee Junction. There I managed the railway refreshment-rooms

At one time, too, with my brother-in-law, I had a gold-mine, which we worked ourselves with the help of many hired men. We found plenty of gold-stone, and when the quartz was assayed the report stated that it would yield nine or ten ounces to the ton. Unfortunately, however, in practice, with the machinery that we had at our disposal, when we crushed the stone at the mine, it only gave us nineteen pennyweights to the ton, and was therefore not worth working. In spite of this, we kept on at the mine for two or three years, doing eight hours a day with the men, and sometimes more on our own account after they had left.

Food Was Scarce.

Often in my time we went on very short commons, though I can't say that I ever reached starvation-point; still, we had to make shift with whatever we could get, and we often caught wallabies and rabbits to eke out our provisions. For weeks at a time we would run short of sugar, and I have known months to go by without our seeing butter. The commissariat was then very simple, consisting of damper and fresh-killed mutton, with tea made in a billy-can. The result of going without milk for so long—for I need scarcely say one does not get milk in the Bush—is that now I never take milk in my tea, though when I lived in England I should naturally never have thought of taking my tea without it.

Now I have retired from work, and live in my beautiful Katoomba home, the climate of which is one of the finest I hope to find anywhere.

Concerning the Claim.

How long I shall remain in this terrible climate, which is so different to the one which I have described, I can't say. I only know I want to get back as soon as I can complete my business in connection with the claim for the Page estates. It has been said, and is, indeed, currently reported, that I have come here to make a definite claim for these estates. This is a scarcely accurate way of putting it. What I have done is to come to investigate the matter, which I am doing with Mr. Jobson, an accountant of Sidney, who represents the syndicate which is backing me in the matter.

The way in which I came to go into the matter at all is as follows: Years ago, when I lived in London, my grandmother, Elizabeth Page, used always to be talking about the estate. I paid little heed to her, however, but she used often to discuss the matter with my wife just after we were married, and tell her about property and mansions which she ought to have. Mrs. Morris took little notice of the matter, and my father refused to be bothered with it. His reason for this was, so far as I made out, that my mother was one of the heirs, as she was a daughter of James Page, a brother of Henry Page, the last owner of the estate, who left no direct descendants.

In the middle of March this year, however, Mr. Ward, the member for Stoke-on-Trent, raised the question in the House of Commons whether the Government was not going to estreat the property in the absence of claimants. A copy of the *Tribune*, in which the matter was reported, was sent out to me by one of my brothers, who asked me whether I intended taking any steps in the matter, for since my last visit to England in 1896 several people had died, and I was one of the direct heirs. I saw a solicitor on the matter, I stated my case fully to him, and the next thing I knew was that a syndicate was being formed in order to enable me to pursue the claim.

A Syndicate is Formed.

You see, if I may be allowed to say so without seeming to be conceited, I am popular in Sydney. So rapidly was the syndicate pushed forward, and so numerous were the people who were willing to subscribe, that it was never even advertised. The money was got together, and my wife, my daughter, and I, left at four days' notice.

As I have already indicated, I am here to investigate the claim, and I am advised that I have, at least, a fighting chance of securing a part of the fortune at stake. It is, I need scarcely say, impossible to outline, or even indicate remotely, the plan of campaign we shall adopt.

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when they are healthy and their food is doing its proper work.

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

MANCHESTER UNITED have attained such a position in the First Division of the League that there are more unlikely things than their finishing on top at the end of the season, and on present form the probabilities are that they will do so. Of course, there are so many uncertainties in sport that anything may happen between now and the end of next April. But the indications do not at present point that way. They have a lead of 6 points over the next best, and nothing but a collapse of the worst kind appears likely to interfere with their championship prospects.

FIELDER,
The bowler who took 6 wickets for 27 runs against New South Wales.

Last Saturday they had Woolwich Arsenal for opponents at Clayton, and they beat the Plumstead team by four goals to two. However, though the losing side, the Arsenal were neither ignominiously defeated nor disgraced, for they put up a very plucky fight after being apparently hopelessly left. It was worthy of note that A. Turnbull scored all four of the United's goals.

London's other First League club, Chelsea, had Bristol City for opponents, and the Stamford Bridge team played in surprising fashion; and here again one man scored all the goals for the winners. This was Hilsdon, from whom so much has been expected. He made amends for any previous shortcomings by playing a wonderful game against the Bristolians, and undoubtedly his shooting won the match for his side.

Notts County just managed to beat Sheffield United by one goal to nil, and the Forest drew with Sheffield Wednesday, each club scoring twice. One of the surprises of the tourney was the victory of Newcastle United over Birmingham by no fewer than eight goals to nil. Middlesbrough had two goals the better of Manchester City, and Bolton beat Everton by three goals to nil. Preston North End did very well to defeat Liverpool on the latter's ground by two goals to one. Blackburn Rovers were at home to Sunderland, and beat them by four goals to two; and the match between Aston Villa and Bury at Aston ended in a draw, each side scoring twice.

Oldham Athletic came a cropper in their match with Clapton Orient at Homerton. There was nothing in the form of the London club to suggest a victory, but the Orient rose to a great occasion, and won in handsome style by two goals to none. The reverse enabled Hull City to take the lead, but it is only a temporary advantage, for Oldham have two matches in hand, and only a point in arrear. Fulham again disappointed their supporters, and they were beaten by Stockport County by two goals to none, though they had a fair share of the play.

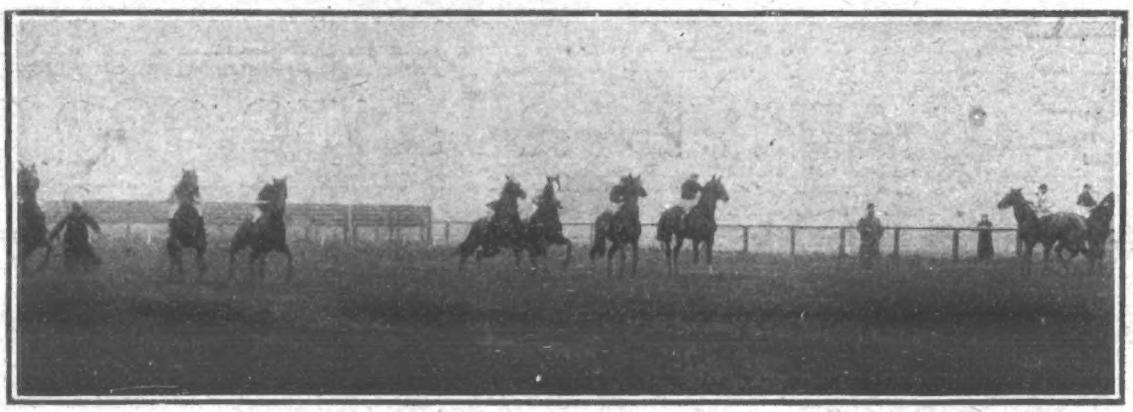
In the Southern League, one of the most interesting and important matches was that between Queen's Park Rangers and Leyton, on the latter's ground. The Park Royal club played a surprisingly good game, and won by five goals to two. With an equal number of games played, the Rangers are now only one point behind Plymouth Argyle, who were defeated by Watford by three goals to none. Southampton journeyed to Norwich, and got the better of the local club by one goal; whilst Millwall finished with a like advantage over the Crystal Palace at North Greenwich.

BARNES,
The bowler who took 6 wickets for 24 runs against New South Wales.

No goals were scored in the match between Bristol Rovers and Tottenham Hotspur at Bristol; but West Ham defeated Reading at Elm Park by one goal to nil.

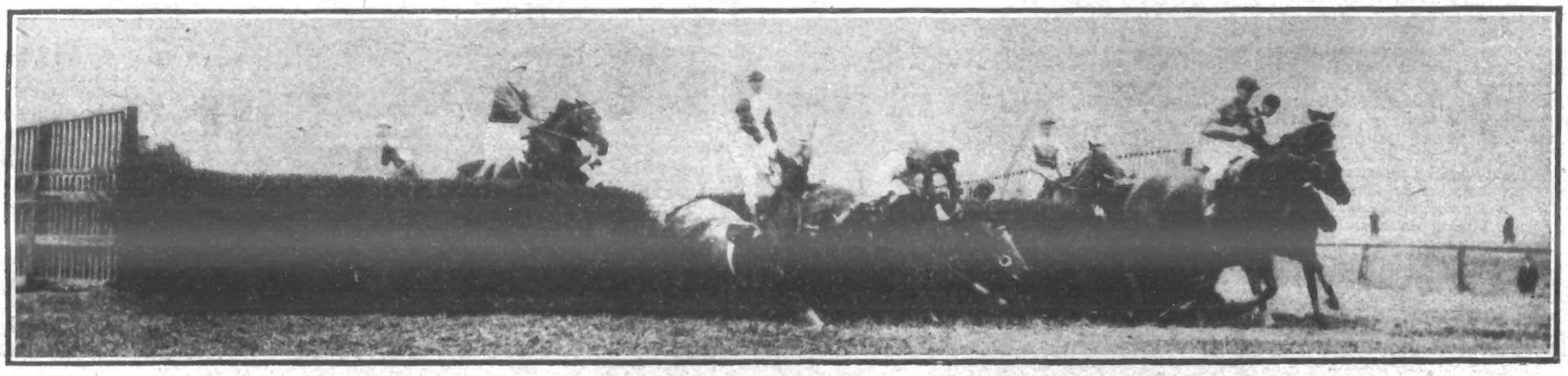
One game in the series that created a considerable amount of unpleasantness was that between Brentford and Swindon. It was not a nice game to watch, and during its progress one of the Swindon players, Tout, was ordered off the field for the alleged deliberate kicking of an opponent. Brentford won by two goals to nil, both points being scored in the first half. Bradford Park Avenue had a goal the better of Luton; Portsmouth beat Brighton and Hove by three goals to nil; and Northampton defeated New Brompton by one goal to nil. In the whole series of games only twenty goals were scored, and seven of these were registered at Leyton.

The first of the annual matches between Blackheath and Richmond was played at Rectory Field on Saturday, and the Heathens won "the first round," the match ending in their favour by two goals and five tries to one goal and two tries. Cambridge University have

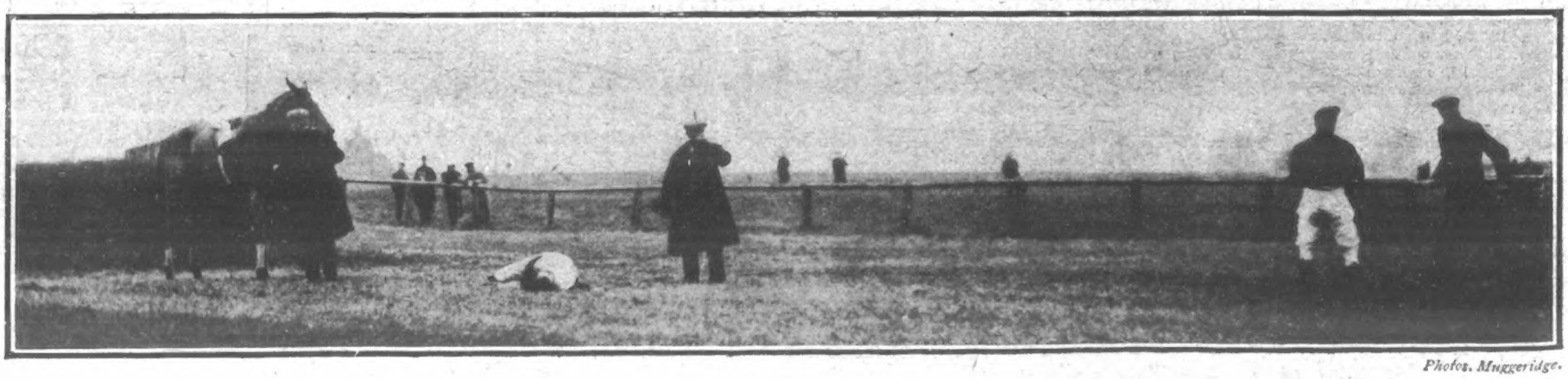


THE START FOR THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP.
This race was won by Baltinglass, Wise Mason being second, and Lischana third.

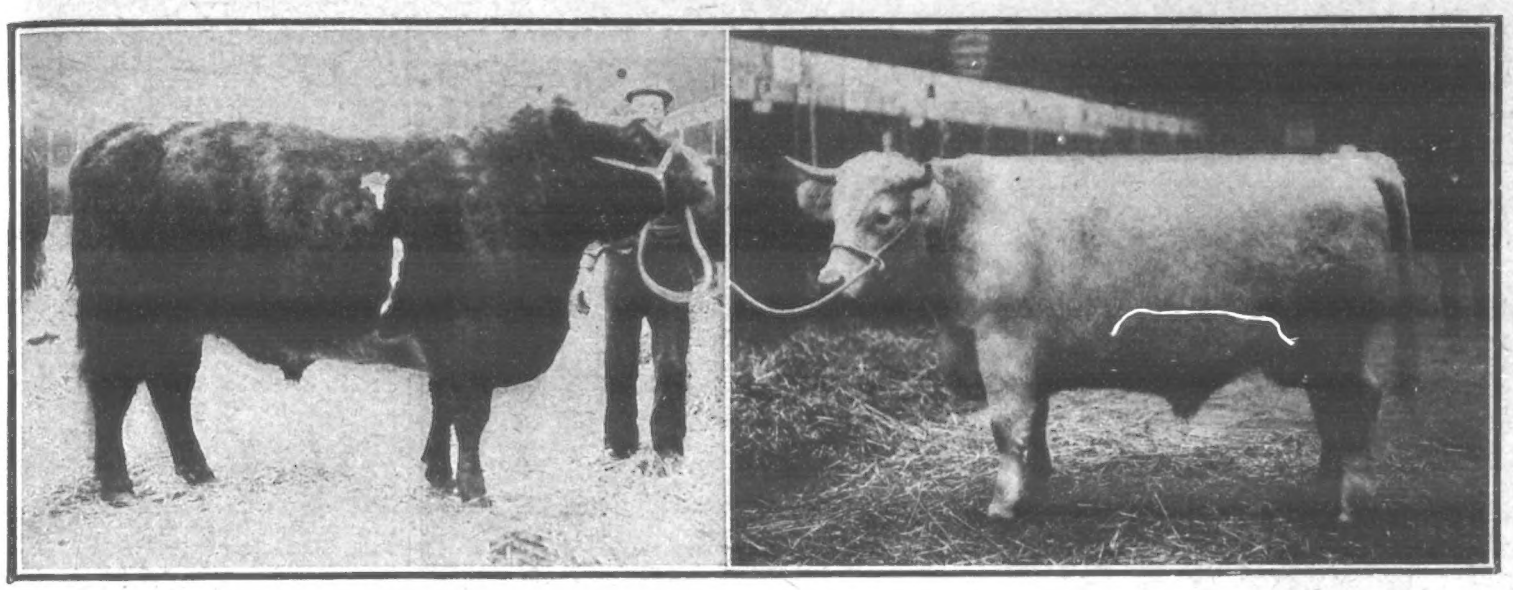
A SEA OF UMBRELLAS.
A dismal scene at Manchester Races last Saturday. The Manchester Meeting brings the flat-racing season to a close.



ACCIDENTS AT PORTSMOUTH PARK STEEPLECHASES.
Last Saturday there were three accidents at Portsmouth Park. Our top photograph shows Zilpah and Cannie Campbell falling at the open ditch, and the bottom one Butchers, who rode Zilpah, lying unconscious on the grass. By his side is a man whistling for assistance, while Zilpah is being held by another onlooker. Cannie Campbell's jockey is standing up. Fortunately neither jockey was seriously hurt.



Photos. Muggeridge.



THE KING'S EXHIBITS AT NORWICH FAT STOCK SHOW.

1. The King's Shorthorn Steer (First Prize). 2. The King's Shorthorn Steer (First and Special Prize). Best beast fed and bred in Norfolk.

dropped right away, London Scottish beating them by 31 points to 6. The Dark Blues scored a handsome victory over Marlborough Nomads by 32 points to nil, and the Harlequins beat the Old Alleynians by four goals and four tries to one try. Oxford again won on Mon-

THE WINNING JOCKEY.
W. Higgs, who rode 146 winners in the season.

day, when they defeated the hitherto unbeaten Edinburgh University team by 18 points to nil.

CRICKET.

By far the best performance of their tour up to the present was the extraordinary victory gained by the M.C.C. last Monday over New South Wales at Sydney. The Walians are admittedly the strongest of the Australian States, and some people ventured to prophesy disaster for the Englishmen. But our men rose to the occasion in splendid style, and not only won, but were victorious by the tremendous margin of 408 runs. It was a performance of the highest merit, and was received with enthusiasm even by the warmest admirers of the home side. Barnes and Fielder bowled grandly, and were finely supported by their field, no fewer than sixteen catches being made. Such form, if maintained, will stand them in good stead when the Test games come round, and it certainly should encourage them to face the biggest games with confidence.

CHELSEA v. BRISTOL CITY.
Chelsea won by four goals to one.

RACING.

The flat-racing season ended last Saturday, when a big programme of eight events brought out the immense number of 114 runners. Of course the chief interest was centred in the last great race of the year—the Manchester November Handicap—which was won by Major E. Loder's Baltinglass, ridden by W. Halsey. The latter has had a splendid year, and figures third in the list of winning jockeys with 104 to his credit, W. A. Higgs being first with 146, and Danny Maher second with 114. Of the winning owners Mr. W. Hall Walker is an easy first, with a total of £17,810 10s., the earnings of seven horses in only thirteen races. Mr. J. B. Joel comes next with £13,928, Mr. W. Bass third with £13,600, and Lord Derby fourth with £13,209. Altogether nearly £200,000 was won during the season.

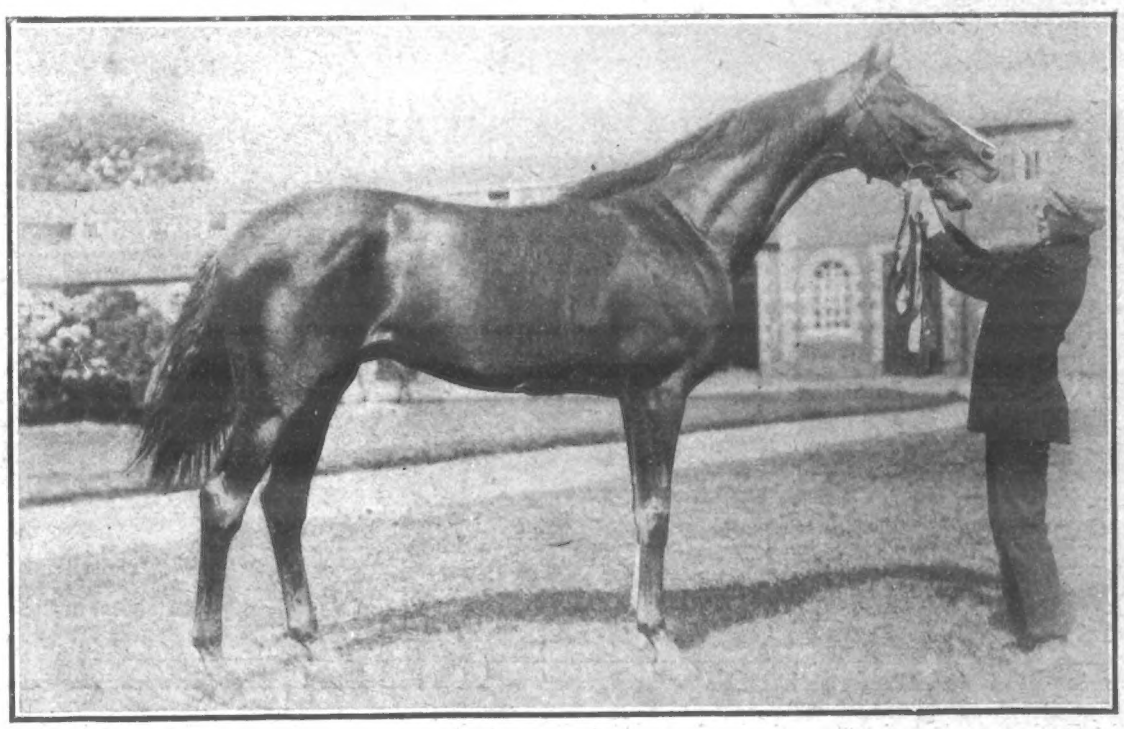
THE THIRD WINNING JOCKEY
W. Halsey, who rode 104 winners.

THE SECOND WINNING JOCKEY.
Danny Maher, who rode 114 winners in the season.

HOCKEY

Hockey form is a bit mixed this season. Cambridge University, after a brilliant run of success, seem suddenly to lose their form, and at Cambridge last Saturday they were defeated by Hampstead by three goals to two. Then Southgate, the much-vaunted side, were beaten by Wimbledon by a couple of goals. This, however, is good for the game, for it gives a fillip to the winners. Oxford had Beckenham for opponents, and won fairly easily by five goals to two.

THE PRINCIPAL WINNING OWNER.
Mr. Hall Walker, who won £17,810 in stakes during the season.



THE PRINCIPAL WINNING HORSE.
Lally, who won three races and the sum of £11,555 in stakes.

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LEGS

His leg cost him a small fortune.

Case 7605.—It gives me much pleasure to write to you once again, and I am glad that I tried Tremol Treatment for my leg, as it is now three years since it was cured, and it has stood a very severe test. My leg had been bad for seventeen years. I tried doctors and infirmaries and all kinds of ointments, but all to no use, and I can safely say that my leg has cost me a small fortune. I am also pleased that Mrs. Kemp's leg is all right. I have another patient for you at Haslingden, and will write and let you know when I see her.—(Mrs.) J. HAWORTH, 320, PARK ROAD, GREAT HARWOOD, LANCASHIRE.

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ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

For some time French athletes have been steadily improving, and although it is too much to say that they would stand a chance with a representative team of Britishers, yet one cannot help possessing the idea that the time may come when Great Britain may have to acknowledge the superiority of the Gaul. It sounds a tall order, and may cause the man in the street to smile; but the fact remains that only last Saturday the Racing Club de France defeated Cambridge University at Fenner's by five events to four.

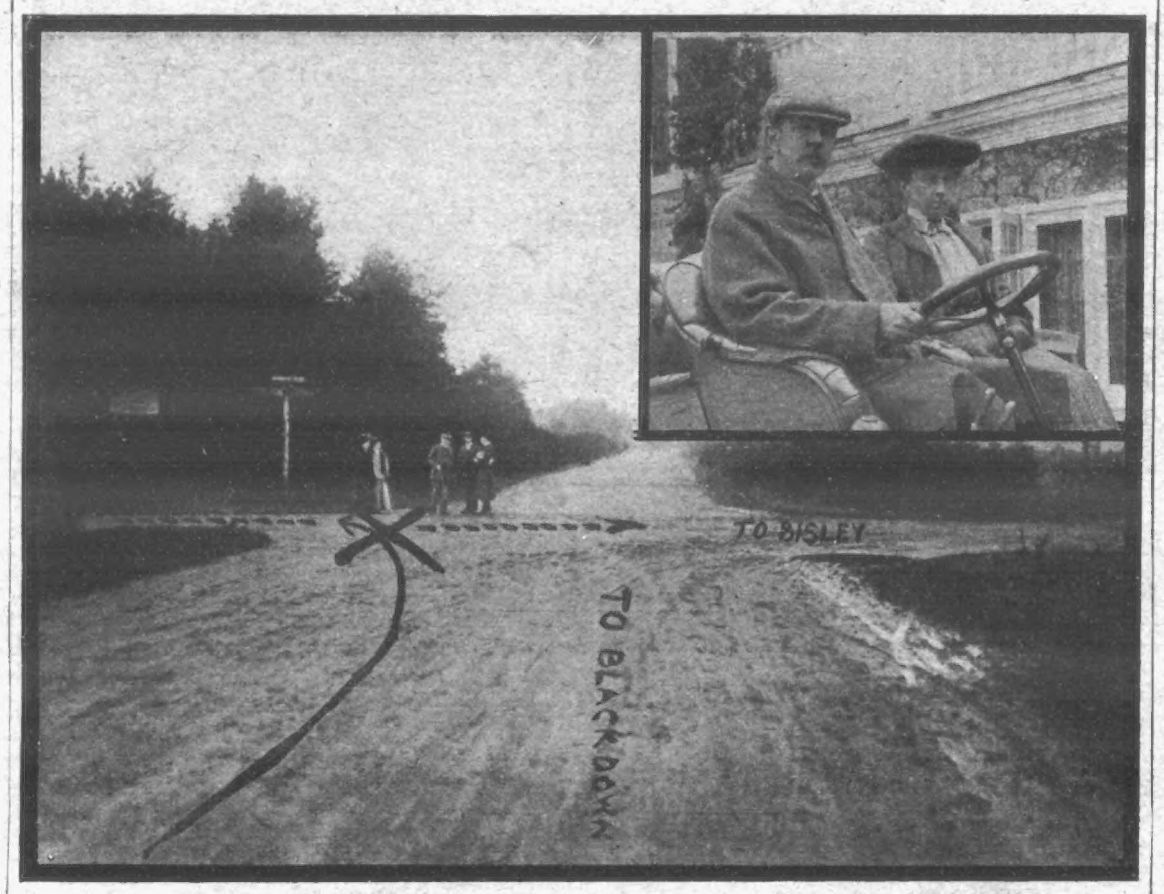
It may, of course, be the case that many of the Cantabs have not yet got into trim so soon after the vacation, for the times, as a rule, were poor, A. E. D. Anderson taking 10 4-5 sec. to win the 100-yards. The half-mile also went to Cambridge, and was run in the fair time of 2 min. 3-5 sec., the winner being T. H. Just. A Frenchman won the weight-putting, with 39 ft. 4⅓ in., a distance that would be easily back-marked by several men on this side of the Channel, but A. Tison is to be sincerely congratulated on his win.

Another Frenchman, J. Keyser, was the winner of the mile, his time being 4 min. 33 sec. The hurdles was secured by K. Powell, who won very easily for Cambridge in 16 4-5 sec. The long-jump went to L. Sandié, of the Racing Club, who cleared 20 ft. 1½ in. The quarter was a slowly run race, the Cantab, R. B. Horsfield, taking 53 sec. to beat A. E. D. Anderson.

The high jump was unworthy of the class. It was won by R. Berthet, of the visiting club, but he only cleared 5 ft. 4¼ in. The three-miles was the surprise of the meeting. It was hardly thought that A. H. Pearson, the Cambridge crack, would lose, but he did, and that by nearly 200 yards, to L. de Fleurac, of the French team, the time being 15 min. 17 4-5 sec.

The Oxford University Hare and Hounds, and the Ranelagh Harriers met for the first time. The race was run at Oxford, and the Dark Blues scored a fairly easy victory by 17 points to 3. J. F. Warsley (Magdalen) was first man home, his time being 44 min. 34 sec., the race being run over the usual seven-miles course. The second teams met at Putney, where the Oxonians were also the conquerors.

A FAMOUS BRITISH GENERAL KILLED.



Sir Henry Colvile was riding his motor-cycle on the Heatherside Road, between Camberley and Bagshot, and at the corner where the road joins the Maultway, which leads from Blackdown Deepcut Barracks to Bagshot, he collided with a motor-car, driven by Brigadier-General Rawlinson, Commandant of the troops at Blackdown, who was turning into Heatherside Road from the direction of the barracks, to go to Canterbury. The motor-cycle struck the car with great violence, and Sir Henry Colvile was thrown with great impetus over the bonnet of the car. Sir Henry Rawlinson, who was accompanied by Lady Rawlinson, stopped his car as quickly as possible, and ran to where Sir Henry Colvile was lying. It was seen that Sir Henry was terribly injured, and Brigadier-General Rawlinson communicated with the Bromoton Hospital Sanatorium, while a telephonic communication was sent to Camberley for the St. John Ambulance van and for Dr. W. L. Stuart, of Camberley. It was found that the General's skull was fractured at the base, and he died on Sunday afternoon. Our photograph shows the spot where the accident occurred (marked with a cross), the dotted line showing the course of the car, the plain indicating the direction taken by the motor-cyclist. Inset is a photograph of General and Lady Colvile.

❁ ❁ ❁

An inter-team race of seven miles for the Nichols Cup was decided between the Blackheath Harriers and the South London Harriers at West Wickham, the former winning by eight points; but the latter had some consolation in having the first man home in F. A. Knott. The North London Cross-Country Association's inter-club race at Hampstead was won by the Finchley Harriers, F. M. Ashford being the individual winner.

A SPELLING CENSOR.

Why don't they keep proof-readers for public monuments? When I spell cat with a "k" a kindly person on the top-floor corrects my little error, and the paper duly appears without such little noveltics. But it is not so with public monuments. The inscription on the bust of Baron St. Helier, which was recently unveiled at the Law Courts, was full of inaccuracies; and a few months ago the Duke of Cambridge suffered in the same way. On the Whitehall statue the date of his death was given as 1903, whereas he died in 1904; and on the memorial in Chelsea Barracks his first Christian name, George, was omitted. Division was spelt "divison"; and "Commander" should have appeared in place of "commanded." The absence of commas also made the whole text read curiously. A statue of Sir Redvers Bullers, at Exeter, suffered the same way. Why not do away with the Dramatic Censor, whose office seems to be greatly disliked, and appoint Mr. Redford "Proof-Reader and Corrector of Public Monuments"?

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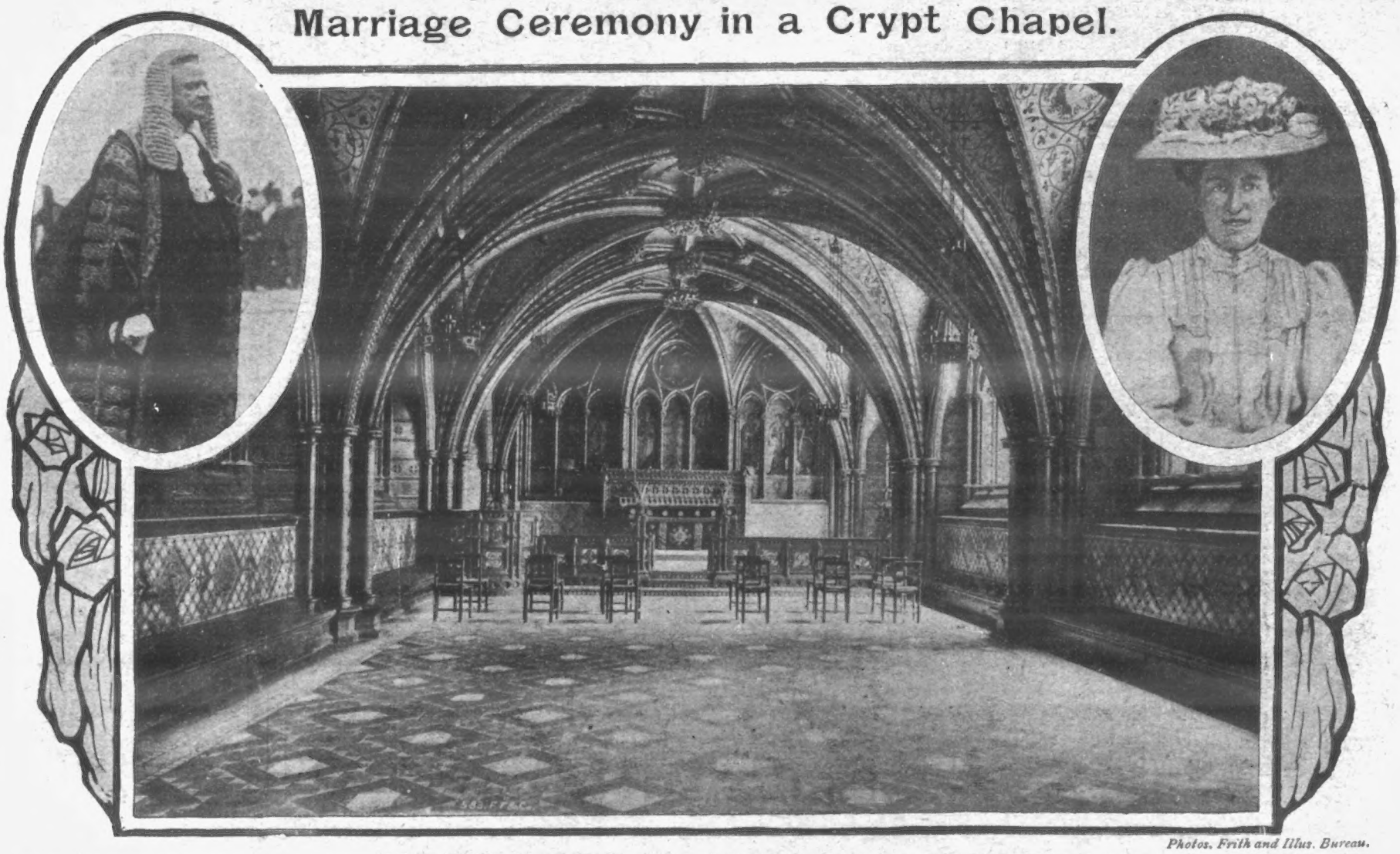
Marriage Ceremony in a Crypt Chapel.



Photos. Frith and Illus. Bureau.

Lord Loreburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to be married shortly to Miss Hicks-Beach. The ceremony will take place in the chapel in the crypt of the Houses of Parliament. The ancient building has been used as an office and lumber-room. Inset are photographs of Lord Loreburn and Miss Hicks-Beach.

THE DRUCE CASE: THE EXAMINATION OF IMPORTANT WITNESSES.

THE UNRAVELLING OF THE DRUCE-PORTLAND MYSTERY BEFORE MR. PLOWDEN AT CLERKENWELL.

Last week Mr. Plowden sat at Clerkenwell Police Court in order to continue the hearing of the Druce case. The magistrate changed the venue from his own court at Marylebone in order to avoid delay. Mr. Caldwell was cross-examined by Mr. Avory, and Miss Robinson, the owner of the stolen diary, also gave evidence, telling the story of her acquaintance with Mr. T. C. Druce and Charles Dickens. The court was again crowded with a fashionable audience.

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Strictly Business.

"Sir," began a stranger, as he walked directly up to a business man in Threadneedle Street, "I am strictly on business."

"So am I."

"Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone."

"So do I."

"Good again! I want to raise £5 to pay for a stone over my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer."

"You shall have it, Sir. Unless you immediately take your departure I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse."

The stranger hurried off.—*Tit-Bits.*

Still at War.

For six years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Robinsons, next-door neighbours. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamt of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a peace-making note for Mr. Robinson, which read:—

"Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Robinson's written reply was bitter:—

"Mr Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."—*Tit-Bits.*

Long Winded.

Little Girl (innocently to new rector): "Will you please see how many times you can run round the garden?"

Rector (surprised): "I couldn't, my child. But why do you ask?"

Little Girl: "Oh! merely because dad said you were so long winded."

—*Penny Magazine.*

As an Afterthought.

Two authors, one a beginner and the other a man of renown, were once staying together in a country inn. One fine morning the latter sought out the host and addressed him as follows—

"You would oblige me by making your charges as low as possible for my young colleague. He is not a rich man."

The landlord, delighted with the presence in his house of the famous man, promised to respect the purse of the younger guest. But a few days afterwards the famous author came to him again, saying—

"By the way, don't let my bill be bigger than that of my young friend. It would humiliate him; young fellows like that are so extremely touchy!"—

—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Others to be Sent For.

Shortly after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said—

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart. "Have you made your will?" he asked finally.

The man turned pale. "Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh, doc, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true——"

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham; but——"

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the telephone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"The Rev. Kellog M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think——"

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your——"

"Say, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard. "No, I don't," he replied. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a bitterly cold morning like this."

—*Tit-Bits.*

His Grievance.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bed-clothes the whole time. That's wrong."—*Penny Magazine.*

Where He Was.

Benefactor: "How is your husband now, my dear woman?"

Poor Woman: "I am sorry to say, Sir, he is confined to his room."

Benefactor: "Could I see him?"

Poor Woman: "Possibly, Sir, if you applied at the County prison."—*Tit-Bits.*

Pitching It Strong

Neither of the partners had arrived, and the clerks that morning were indulging in their usual bout of gossip.

"Did I tell you chaps that I was leaving?" drawled the languid swell of the staff, whose incompetence was as palpable as the splendour of his attire.

"Heard you 'd got the sack," replied the spectacled cashier, gruffly.

"I answered an advertisement yesterday for what looks like a first-class job," resumed the over-dressed one, ignoring the remark. "I've pitched rather a strong yarn, but you've got to do that if you want to keep up with the times."

Just then the senior partner entered, and all wrote intently.

Within five minutes the "old man," who had been opening letters, called the last speaker into his room, and the following dialogue became plainly audible to those outside—

"Have you been in our service seven years?"

"No, Sir; only fifteen months."

"And is your salary £4 10s. a week?"

"Eh, no, Sir—30s."

"And are you in entire charge of the counting-house?"

No reply.

"And are you leaving us because of a difference with the firm regarding the management of our Colonial branches?"

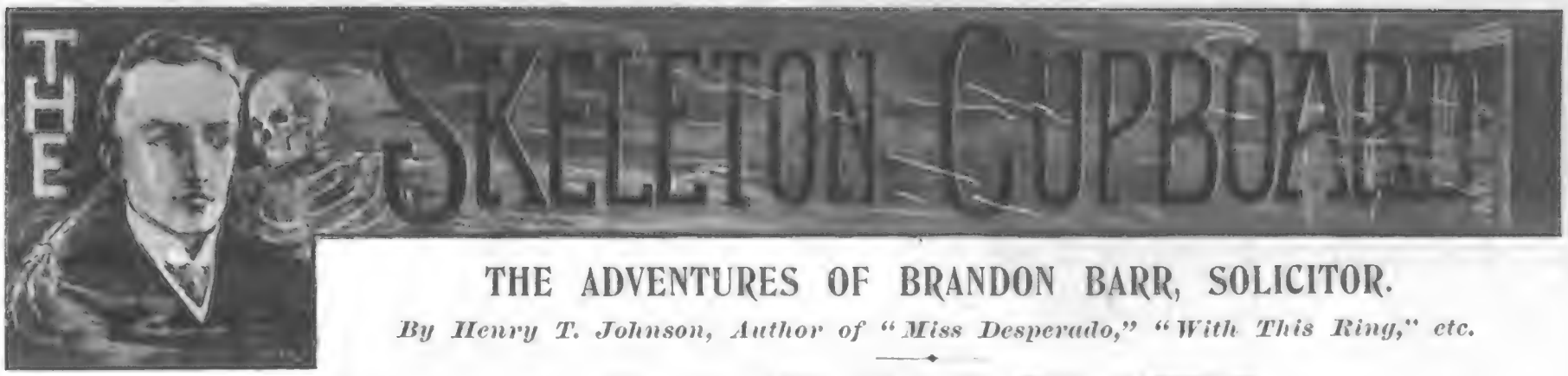
Dead silence, and a short pause

Then the old man—

"You should be more careful in your statements, Sir. This is a small world. The advertisement you answered was for the situation you are leaving on Saturday. That will do."—*Tit-Bits.*

NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

WILLIAM WEARY (who was about to enter the yard and ask for work, when he read the "hands" notice again and stopped in time). "Great Jimminy! I thought it said, 'No 'ands wanted'!"



THE ADVENTURES OF BRANDON BARR, SOLICITOR.

By Henry T. Johnson, Author of "Miss Desperado," "With This Ring," etc.

No. IV.—THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

"AND what 's the matter now?"

But Brandon Barr could have answered his own question far more completely than the young lordling who occupied the clients' chair.

A bright, breezy, high-coloured, fair-haired lad, spruce as his half-guinea boutonnière, attired with perfect correctness, with the Pall Mall stamp all over him.

"Simply this," was the reply. "I am done. Please don't say 'I told you so'!"

"I never do," said Brandon Barr. "The old story, I suppose. Slow horses, fast company, and a too-confiding disposition? When will you youngsters realise that the spiders who start weaving their webs around you in your college days—ah, even in your school days—are spiders? Don't you know that these people keep registers, post up your comings-of-age from Debrett, Burke's Landed Gentry, and Walford's County Families, and your possessions, incomes, and reversions from the Probate Registry? But there, there, of course you don't know the sum total?"

"Deuce a bit," said the youngster. "It's bound to be pretty thick; and yet I haven't had such a lot."

"Of course, you haven't. The money-lenders and their touts—some of those touts, mark you, your own pals, the men who have bought and trained your horses, the people who have sold your races, the lady friends for whom you have run companies—my laddie, they've had the cream, as it was in the beginning, is now, etc."

"Dash it, Barr, you don't sermonise as a rule."

"As a rule, Gerald, except as a matter of business, I don't take the least personal interest in my clients, but I knew your father and mother."

Lord Ouseley winced. "Perhaps if she had lived I shouldn't have made such an ass of myself. If he had followed your advice I shouldn't have been able to. I know you begged of him to restrain me from anticipating, and to re-create the entail he and my grandfather had barred. But never mind, I had a run for my money."

"Nonsense. Other people had the run for it—and ran away with it. What a pity you didn't happen with some nice, sensible girl. Marriage, that mars some young men, is the making of others."

"By Jove, you 're right, Barr!" said the young Viscount, springing to his feet. "I should have been all right if the years had come in another sequence if this year had come with its events five years ago."

"How 's that? Has this one brought you the incomparable she?"

"No," said Lord Ouseley. "It has not brought her to me, only shown her to me. Within the last month, Barr, the loveliest and the most lovable girl that Heaven ever made."

"Really? Well, while some find matrimony the way into difficulties, others make it a way out."

The Viscount shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Not I. To my mind, when a real man's going down he cuts himself adrift from those he cares for. It 's only the rotter who clutches and drags them with him. I love her, but I would not chain her lot with mine if I had the chance—which I haven't."

It was rarely indeed that Brandon Barr concerned himself personally with his clients' interests; but, as a great man had once said of him, he was "the worst enemy, but the best pal in London."

"Have I met the lady?" he asked.

"Don't know, I 'm sure," said the young Viscount. "I've only met her about half-a-dozen times. The first time I set eyes on her she enchanted me. Why, man, the only time I ever spoke to her was the last time I met her, and I suppose I shall never meet her again. I was at Ambleteuse, Pas de Calais; as a matter of fact lying low to avoid one or two judgments out against me. The muddle was getting rather mixed, so I was calling myself by my two Christian names—Gerald Hastings. I first met her on the sands—I tell you I don't even know her name—and our eyes met; hers dropped. I felt a cad for staring. There were some kiddies with her party, sailing their boats down the Slack—the little stream, you know, that runs across the Plage into the sea. One of the nippers lost his boat. I waded in and rescued it, gave it into her hands, and I got thanks and a blush. That gave me a right to bow, to say 'Good morning!' Then one happy and adorable day I spoke to her, and, whatever my lips said, I know my eyes said, 'You 're the one girl in the world for me; and if you can't be mine, there 's no girl in the world for me.'

"One day, strolling along the Plage to lunch, I heard a scream. The English Miss had gone out too far, was being carried away by the tide. I chucked off my shoes and blazer and swam out to her. It was my divinity. I put my arms round her, held her up, and prayed Heaven that they wouldn't hurry with the boat. I tell you, she was as plucky as they make 'em, although the tide was drifting us both out. With her head on my shoulder, and one arm on it too, we got quite chatty. All I could talk about was that there was no danger, that she was a dear little, plucky little girl, but she shouldn't go down while I kept afloat, and so on. Out came the boat, and in we bundled."

"And what was her contribution to the conversation?" inquired Barr, with a smile.

The young Viscount, blushing, laughed back: "Oh, she said I was a hero, and all that sort of thing; and she would never forget my bravery, and all that sort of rot. My dear old chap, as luck would have it, as soon as I got back, I found another wire about another confounded judgment; and I had to scud off to Paris to meet another money-lender who was managing another loan. From that day to this I never set eyes on my divinity."

"Why, by all that's wonderful, is it you?" cried the young lord, as he rushed across the room and clasped the hand of the money-lender's daughter.

"By-the-bye, did the lady reciprocate?"

"How on earth do I know?" muttered the young Viscount. "I've sometimes thought, yes, I honestly believed she would; but there, what right have I to let any girl reciprocate? I with bankruptcy staring me full in the face, and after that—well, who knows what 's after that? Gentleman ranker, cowboy, sailor-man—who knows or cares? Dashed if I do, much."

"Come, come," laughed Barr, "no pessimism. Let 's get to figures."

But after having got to them he himself confessed there was little cause for optimism. The assets were either gone or mortgaged up to, ah! beyond the hilt. The sum total of the liabilities, as far as that sum could be ascertained, almost staggered Brandon Barr.

There was one thing curious about it.

CHAPTER II.

Analysing the terribly long list of Lord Ouseley's creditors, secured and unsecured, Brandon Barr noted how large a proportion of the debts were due to one man; some directly due, while others appeared to have been bought up by him, and the furrows deepened on his brow, as he remarked to his client—

"You seem to have got pretty completely into the talons of Daniel Dean."

"What are you driving at?" Ouseley asked. "Of course, their name is legion. I don't remember that particular gentleman. What does he represent? Cigars? Catering? Boots?"

"Tut, tut! Don't you know? Danny Dean is one of the biggest money-lenders of his day and perhaps the hardest."

"Oh, there 's some mistake; he hasn't lent me a farthing."

"He holds three-fourths of your paper, and halt the other judgments against you, curiously enough."

"But I've never set eyes on the man."

"Exactly. You 've been dealing with his agents, his underlings. Danny Dean is the Proteus of money-lenders. The Philanthropic Discount Company—that 's Danny Dean; the Mutual Assistance Loan Society—the same old vulture in other plumage; Binks and Co., the Easy Credit Association, Limited, Blathers Brothers, the Cosmopolitan Discount Bank—all these institutions and a lot of others are simply the various skins worn by Danny Dean for the stalking of his prey. And he certainly seems to have flattered you by particular attention, judging from the wholesale manner of his taking up not only your paper, but your mortgages and assignments; while his foreclosure of Ouseley Towers and the estate, effected by the Cosmopolitan, is simply the action of a rapacious and relentless Danny Dean."

The Viscount shrugged his shoulders. "Well, after all," he laughed, "having sold my birthright for a mess of pottage, it matters little to me who becomes the ultimate purchaser; all that matters is—I've let it go." Finely tempered as he was, he could not repress the sigh with which he thought of the lordly home of his ancestors, gone from the house that had held it for four hundred years. "Well, I must be off, I'm dining at the Horse Guards' Mess to-night. I must leave matters in your hands."

But for some time after his departure Brandon Barr sat wrinkling his forehead over the mass of papers relating to the impending foreclosure of the Ouseley Towers Estate and the bankruptcy of their temporary holder, till of a sudden, slamming down the roll-top of his desk, he locked it, sprang up and set forth, intent on seeing Daniel Dean himself.

His "taxi" pulled up at the door of a mean house in a mean street in Hoxton, with "Prompt Advance Syndicate" in dingy letters on the dingy blind of the dingy front window, and in a few minutes Brandon Barr was ushered by a withered, prematurely aged clerk into the inner room, wherein at a desk was seated the man he sought.

The man's face was in keeping with his notoriety, so harsh and so unrelenting it was. The cold, hard eyes, deep-set under heavy grizzled brows, a cold, hard mouth, set square above a deep, hard, square, uncompromising chin, a face of iron lines framed in grizzled hair and whiskers of iron-grey. He motioned him to a chair, and Brandon Barr began—

"I won't waste your time, Dean. I represent, as you doubtless know, Lord Ouseley. You 've got him pretty tight in your grip."

The other nodded.

"How it happens that so many of his liabilities come in to your hand, I can't quite understand, and I don't see really that it matters."

"But I 'm certain it doesn't matter in the least to you," the grizzled old man snapped almost angrily. "Please say exactly what you want."

"I want to do the best I can for him."

"I mean to do the best I can for myself."

"H'm, yes; I needn't point out the enormous disproportion of interest to principal, nor need I remind you how the Courts lean against usury."

"I know, I know. I listen to that sort of thing every day, at all events every day of reckoning. It 's the borrower's old whine. He 's a very generous man, the borrower, with his paper, when he 's taking your hard money. Oh, he 's a most polite gentleman, and he calls you everything that 's kind, but when it comes to taking up his paper, to redeeming his bond and his pledge, then there 's nothing but abuse and insult for the man who demands and takes his own. Bah! it 's been the same before and since the day of that weak fool Antonio and his gang of defaulters."

Brandon Barr did his best, but that was little enough, so well Danny Dean knew his business. A few pounds reduction here and there, one or two charges on reversons. But with regard to time the usurer was adamant, and Barr himself paid off and took over certain charges on valuable reversions in order to give Ouseley time and, possibly in the hereafter a remote chance of averting the sacrifice of them. "For, after all," mused Brandon Barr, "he 's a smart lad, and it 's an old title, and

the stock of American heiresses is not exhausted."

Having done his best, he gathered up his papers and departed. His taxi-cab had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when he observed a string of hobbledehoys, evidently a section of one of those gangs that Hoxton has only of late succeeded in repressing with a strong hand, swinging along the pavement, shouting, whistling, hustling all and sundry as they went, and all at once Barr watched them with an exulting shout link arms and form a ring round a frightened girl.

In a moment he had stopped and descended from the cab; in another, taking the ringleader by the scruff of the neck, he whirled and flung him against the adjacent shutters, in a third he had blown a police-whistle on his key-chain, and the gang, flustered and cowed by his promptitude, took to their heels.

Phlegmatic, insensible to sentiment as Barr was reputed to be, he was more than gratified by the thanks, not only murmured in those musical accents, but confirmed by the gracious smile.

That journey seemed to be fated to interruptions, for, speeding down Old Street scanning his papers, Barr realised that Danny Dean, of all men, had by oversight included among the redeemed charges a note of hand of Ouseley's for five hundred pounds.

Hard as he could be, it was Barr's way to play the game.

"You 'll have to go back," he said to his driver. "Sorry." And, ten minutes later, he re-entered the dingy office in the dingy street. The dingy clerk had gone. There was Danny Dean himself, his hat on, just emerged from the inner sanctum, and someone was helping him on with his overcoat—a girl

Barr started with astonishment to recognise the little lady he had championed. Even at the moment she was saying—

"Daddy, I was quite frightened till that gentleman so bravely interfered. Why, here he is."

"Mr. Dean, by an oversight just now you included this among the papers I took up."

With the instincts of a lifetime the money-lender grabbed and scanned the document.

"Tut, tut, how foolish of me! Thank you, Barr. Pity everybody I meet isn't as straight as you. And, by the way, it seems I have to thank you for an even greater service—namely, for protecting my daughter from a horde of scoundrels. As a rule she drives here for me, as I've told her it is the safest way."

Brandon Barr, again returning westward, found himself wondering how one so harsh and hard came to have a child so radiant and gentle. "But then after all," he mused. "I suppose no stranger would have guessed that Jessica was Shylock's daughter."

The inevitable arrived, and on the day appointed for Daniel Dean to take and for Viscount Ouseley to quit possession of the latter's estate and its lordly seat, Brandon Barr himself went down to transact certain details.

"You know you ought to have spared yourself this, Ouseley," he said to his young client. "You ought to have gone away and left formalities to me."

"I know, I know," said the young lordling; "only, somehow, I never knew, I never dreamed how I loved the dear old place until, fool, weakling that I have been, I realised that I had let it go, and then it seemed to me every minute of my holding it was too precious to lose. No, no! I'll stay to the very last."

"Stay here a moment," said Barr to his client, and, shutting him in the library, he strode out across the picture-gallery.

Daniel Dean was standing in the suffused glow of a gorgeous window blazoned with the arms and quarterings of the house. Beside him stood his daughter, who greeted the lawyer with a grateful smile.

"Nice property this of mine, Barr," the old money-lender said. "Pictures, china, ancestral portraits, men in armour, lock, stock, and barrel. Fancy this lot coming my way. But everything comes to the man who waits. Dearie," he said to his daughter, "sit here awhile while I talk to Mr. Barr," and taking the lawyer's elbow, he led him along the gallery till they were out of her earshot. Then he halted under a portrait of a man in the attire of the Early Victorian days.

"You see that portrait?" he said.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "the present Lord Ouseley's grandfather."

"Exactly," said the money-lender. "Now I 'm going to tell you a story. Once upon a time, when that man was young——"

"And, from what I've heard, very wild," said Barr.

"Exactly, when it's a lordling he's very wild. When it's a lad of the people they call it very vicious. That man once met with a girl of the people and fell in love with her. He told her a lie to begin with, he lied to her about his name. He himself was nothing but one wicked falsehood to that poor, confiding, loving girl. Disguising his title and position, he wooed her, won her to his evil way and ruined her, left her to starve and die. She left a child, a boy. 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children.' That boy had a bad time, like every boy so circumstanced. One day he found out who his father was, and came down to this place and faced that father and proclaimed himself. He was driven from the doors that I have just entered—my doors—and in that moment that boy swore his life should be devoted to revenging his and his mother's wrong, and that the sins of the fathers should be visited on other children. The man up there had other children, born and reared in luxury—a son, who ran through his money; then came *his* son, who has sold his birthright—the birthright I have bought; for I, once driven from these doors, now stand inside them to claim my own.

"Now I understand a good deal that puzzled me," said Brandon Barr; "but, of course, you won't say a word to the young lord."

"Not I. He's paid dearly enough for his own follies. I've no quarrel with him. Only don't you see, Barr, that little girl of mine, when she reigns here will reign by a sort of right? Man, can't you see the likeness? Look from her face to that up there, by Kneller, the lady in the Queen Anne farthingale.

"It didn't need your story for me to realise that Miss Dean had good blood in her veins," said Barr. "By Jove, Mr. Dean, she'll have plenty of suitors now."

"Yes," said the grim old man, strangely confidential to the one man who ever fought him successfully. "Only, somehow, I think they'll come wooing in vain. She's a strange little lassie, and to tell the truth, I think she's lost her heart to someone she'll never see again, a young fellow who risked his life in saving hers a while ago."

"I say, Dean," said Barr, "what a thousand pities young Ouseley never met a girl like that. She'd have been his salvation."

"Yes," said the other, musingly, "and it would in a way, have soothed old sores 'eh?"

"I say, Barr, where on earth have you got too?"

It was Lord Ouseley himself, who impatiently dashed into the picture gallery, then, observing Dean, pulled himself together with a frigid bow; then turned at a cry—a cry of recognition:—

"Why, it's you, it's you!"

And answering, "Why, by all that's wonderful, is it you?" the young lord clasped the money-lender's daughter's hands.

"Muriel!" her father exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"It means, farther, that it was he who saved my life at Ambleteuse and but for him you would have had no daughter now."

But for him Daniel Dean could possibly have never had a son-in-law; at all events, that is what Lady Ouseley says, and Brandon Barr, of all men in the world, declared there was some romance in real life, even, for instance, in one marriage settlement he drew, namely, that between Gerald Viscount Ouseley and Muriel, the daughter of Daniel Dean, Esq.

BOY PRINCE WHO DEMANDS HIS FATHER'S THRONE.

The Crown Prince Louis Philippe of Portugal, who has been banished by the King to the royal residence at Villa Vicosa, which occupies an isolated position a hundred miles from the capital. The King has taken this extreme measure in consequence of a remonstrance by the Crown Prince to his father against the regime now obtaining in Portugal, and a demand that he should abdicate in his favour. King Charles was so incensed at these strong representations that he immediately ordered his son's banishment, which has caused great excitement in Portugal.—*Photo. Knight Wiltome.*

Photo. Downey.

THREE KINGS AND FIVE QUEENS AT WINDSOR.

A unique photograph of the Queen of Norway, the King of Spain, the Kaiserin, the Kaiser, the Queen, the Queen of Portugal, the King, and the Queen of Spain.

The Childrens Corner

SUE'S LOVELY - - DOLL - -

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

THE little girl with the blue velvet hood had twenty steps up to her door — twenty smooth, shining, stone stairs that always looked just as if they had been scrubbed and polished; but there was not even one little step before Sue's narrow, green-painted door.

Every morning after school Susan would hurry home as fast as her legs could carry her, so that she might reach the Park in time to see The Little Velvet Lady, with her plump, rosy-faced nurse-maid, taking her dolls for an airing, and she would watch the small upright maiden with the long golden curls and the light blue eyes sedately tripping over the smooth gravel walks, wheeling her waxen babies in and out the trees.

Sue had never possessed a doll, and it was the fondest dream of her life to have a fair-haired, pink-cheeked baby such as the lovely little maiden in the park wheeled up and down the shady walks in the sunshine.

Once Sue had been bold enough to walk straight up to the wonderful little baby carriage and peep eagerly at its smiling occupants. Oh, such *beautiful* dolls they were. One was dressed in flowing pink silk, with the loveliest little fussy hat, from beneath which streamed bright sunny curls, just like REAL ones! Then the other little doll was like a beautiful bride, dressed in shimmering silk as pale and spotless as snow, and befrilled with wonderful ruches of lace and satin. Sue looked at them so long and earnestly that she felt as though her eyes could gaze upon nothing else but the two small elegant babies that smiled unceasingly. Then brown-faced Susan had slipped away home behind the trees thinking—thinking all the way of the most gorgeous dolls she had ever seen and were even more beautiful than she had dreamed in her wildest flights of fancy.

"If—if—only I had a doll," said Sue, as she winked hard to keep back the gathering tears. Then this brave little lady smiled up at the trees, and hummed a gay little tune, for she didn't WANT to cry!

Poor little brown-cheeked Sue! Directly she reached home, mother called her from the garden to go and hand up the pegs to her as she propped the clothes on high. All the while Sue kept saying to herself, "She doesn't have to count the pegs or hold the clothes while they go through the mangle," meaning, of course, the Little Velvet Lady. "All she has to do is to look pretty and keep her golden curls from tickling her eye-lashes." Then a tear DID fall right into the peg-bag, and for aught I know, it may be there still, and Sue heaved such a deep sigh that she nearly sent the clothes frolicking away in the wind.

That night when Sue went to bed, she softly crept over to her cupboard and drew out a very mysterious-looking bundle. You would never have guessed what it was supposed to represent, but I know. Sue meant it for a—doll! She had made it one day when she was especially lonely—you see she had no brother or sister to play with, so she had cuddled and fondled over the small, comical bundle of gaily coloured rags, and even taken it to bed with her. Sue used to pretend—and sometimes, when she was QUITE alone, she would place this small bundle of rags in an empty soap-box, and push it before her with two long sticks—pretending that she was the Little Velvet Lady taking her dolls for an airing!

One day, when Sue hastened to the Park as usual, she did not see the little girl in the blue velvet hood; but she saw something else: it was really almost like a fairy-tale—for under a big, spreading tree, staring before her with a pleasant fixed smile in her wide-open blue eyes—was—the DOLL IN PINK SILK! Oh! and Susan gave a big gasp and swallowed a little lump of astonishment that seemed to pop up in her throat. There, really and truly, seated before her was the lovely doll in pink! And Sue approached it as reverently as an owl might approach a bird of paradise. Into her eyes crept a look of wondering delight and admiration. Now she might look at it as long as she pleased—she might—might—even KISS it, for no one was nigh to forbid her to do so; and even if they were——

Susan gave a little jump, and placed her small brown hand round the doll's waist. Oh! she felt lovely. The next minute Susan had her tight in her arms and was smiling down into the pink wax face with something very like rapture. The Little Velvet Lady could never, never have felt the thrill of love and tenderness sweep over her that Sue felt as she looked straight into the wide-open blue eyes, and devoured with her own big brown ones, the lovely red mouth and smooth, dimpled cheeks of the baby in her arms. Oh! and Sue hugged her—actually hugged her—and the Doll liked it!

UNDER THE TREE WAS THE DOLL IN PINK SILK!

Away Sue skipped over the grass, and out of the Park gates. Then she hesitated. What should she do? Of course she understood that the little girl had been playing with her doll in the Park, and had forgotten her.

"She's got ever so many dolls, she would never, never miss this one," said Sue, with a pathetic craving in her large brown eyes. "Why should I take it back?—she'll never know—and—and, oh! how I'd love her!" And Susan brushed a tear from the spotless pink frock, then hurried home—almost crushing the doll in her arms—with joy. Nobody would ever know; and at last—at last—she actually had a doll of her very own! And Susan's heart gave a wild little leap of delight. Faster and faster went her tiny shabby shoes over the pavement, across the road, and then up to her gate. There she stopped and thought. It wasn't hers—oh! dear, it was never meant for her, this elegant, beautiful doll. No, she must be satisfied with her small bundle of rag upstairs! Then Susan's lips trembled, while two great moist tears welled from her eyes and slowly rolled down her ripe, chubby cheeks, as she set off to return the doll to its beautiful little mother.

When Sue reached the house with the twenty steps she paused, and peeped through the railings. Why, those steps alone were enough to make anyone feel happy all day long! How delicious it would be to have such a flight of smooth,

(*Continued on page 351.*)

One good thing to do to-day for December 25th

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Christmas Presents.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

NEVER has the vogue in lace been more marked than it is at present. Blouses of lace and filet net or of filet net supplemented by lace, make the most delightful combination. For the modest sum of half-a-guinea any girl may be well equipped for sociable winter evenings, since charming examples in net decorated with pipings of pale glacé silk can be obtained for that sum. Then for 12s. 6d. a fichu of tucked net and imitation Carrickmacross lace can be bought, which would be the making of any blouse or bodice, finished off as it is with dainty silk tassels back and front. For more elaborate wear there are charming sequin bretelles, priced 9s. 11d., carried out in gold and opal, black and steel, or all black or all silver.

The Vogue in Lace.

Nowadays there are few people who furnish their drawing-room en suite. Usually they prefer to buy odd chairs, occasional tables, to pick up a cabinet here, a Chesterfield there, and to collect their bric-à-brac by degrees. A very good way to start furnishing a drawing-room of moderate dimensions is to lay the foundation or groundwork of the scheme by a small suite comprising Chesterfield and two easy chairs to match, or a settee and four or six small chairs to match. By the time the carpet is laid down, the mantel border is draped and the curtains hung up, and these pieces of furniture disposed about the room, some headway will have been made. A piano and a china cabinet will probably complete the list of heavy furniture, and among other desirable attributes of a really cosy room are a folding screen, a writing table or bureau, two or three well-cushioned chairs, a nest of tables. The latter is a most useful possession, as the tables can be distributed about the room, or shut away under each other, just as desired. Where the carpet is a handsome one, two rugs will probably be the most that is required; but if a felt carpet or a polished floor is in question, several rugs will show the room to advantage. Pictures need not be many, but must be well chosen and well hung. A shelf for china above the picture rail always has a very furnishing effect, and the pieces arranged need not necessarily be of a costly description. A few artistic plates, jugs, and vases go a long way, even plaster-of-Paris statuary, for it must be borne in mind that, being "skied," as it were, they cannot be very closely inspected.

Furnishing Drawing-Rooms.

People who go into a new house or are removing for the first time will often go to great expense in the matter of fittings, under the impression that it is really necessary. There is one way in which a very considerable outlay may be saved, and that is by dispensing with brass curtain-rods and substituting bamboo rods, or, better still, penny rods of cane or smooth wood. Of course, I am speaking of dwarf curtains, where a deep hem is made in the material and the rod run through. For brise-bise curtains which have loops for the curtain-rods to pass through, a broad, bright-coloured ribbon may be run through instead, and the effect is very pleasing if the curtains are tied back with a similar ribbon. Another economy is to take all linoleum and floorcloth when removing and have it fitted to the new dwelling. Such a very small sum, as a rule, is paid by incoming tenants for fixtures that it is never worth while to leave them except when they are in their last stages. Then, of course, it is infinitely better to accept a mere song for them, since they are of some value in the old accustomed place, but would probably be worthless if taken up. On the other hand, it is often an advantage to be able to buy certain fixtures—such as gas-brackets, which are expensive in the first place, but often obtained cheaply second-hand. Then wooden shelves, a portable coal-box, or other conveniences which a tenant may have fixed in for himself, are certainly desirable purchases. Cosy-corners and window-seats, if for sale as fixtures, are often worth retaining, at a reasonable price; and the same with cornice-poles, for bay-windows.

Curtain-Rods.

STOP THAT COUGH.—The Quickest and Simplest Remedy—let alone its cheapness—is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One alone relieves coughs, asthma, and bronchitis. As a Cough Remedy they are simply unrivalled. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each; free for stamps.—Thomas Keating, Chemist, London.—[ADVT.]

It is almost impossible to over-rate the nutritive value of a good cup of beef-tea. The recent introduction of beef-tea in tablet form, at the remarkably low price of a penny per tablet, will recommend itself to everyone, especially those housekeepers who have the good of their family at heart. The Ju-Vis tablets, as they are called, are manufactured by Messrs. G. Foster Clark and Co., and each tablet is guaranteed by the makers to contain sufficient pure extract of beef to make a breakfast-cup of strong beef-tea. As a ground-work for nourishing vegetable soups it is unsurpassed, while I can recommend a cup of beef-tea made from a penny tablet as most delicious and invigorating. Three eminent analytical chemists have analysed Ju-Vis, and bear testimony to its high standard of excellence. They have certified, without exception, that there is double as much nutriment in a cup of beef-tea made from a penny tablet of Ju-Vis as there is in a cup of beef-tea made from extract of beef according to the usual directions given. This should certainly have great weight with buyers, while the tempting price—only a penny a tablet—brings it within the reach of the most limited housekeeping allowance. The same makers supply Fluid Ju-Vis in the form of a bottled extract. Some idea of the moderation in price may be gathered from the fact that a sixpence-halfpenny bottle makes six breakfast cups. Being in liquid form, it requires no dissolving, but is made instantly by the addition of hot water. Ju-Vis is sold in 3½d. and 10½d. sizes, beside the 1d. ones.

Beef-Tea for the Million.

A very good nourishing soup is made by slicing finely a medium-sized carrot (2 oz.), the same weight of onions, and half the weight of turnip, and adding to one pint of boiling water in which a tablet of Ju-Vis has been previously dissolved. Simmer until the vegetables are quite tender, when the soup is ready for use. If a richer soup is required, use two tablets of Ju-Vis.

Ju-Vis Soup.

Dissolve two tablets of Ju-Vis in half-a-pint of boiling water, and mix half an ounce of flour smoothly with it. Then stir over the fire till it boils. Add half a pound of cold meat minced, with salt and pepper to taste, line some patty-pans with pastry, fill with the mixture, put a lid of pastry on each after damping the edge, then bake in a moderately hot oven until nicely browned.

A Nice Mould.

For quiet parties for the winter evenings, thirty-two shillings, less threepence, will purchase a very desirable skirt of French voile trimmed with ten waved bands of glacé, and lined with glacé silk. In black, this skirt would prove a most valuable possession. Warm winter frocks for the children are now also under discussion. Serge and cashmere are two materials which cannot be beaten in this instance.

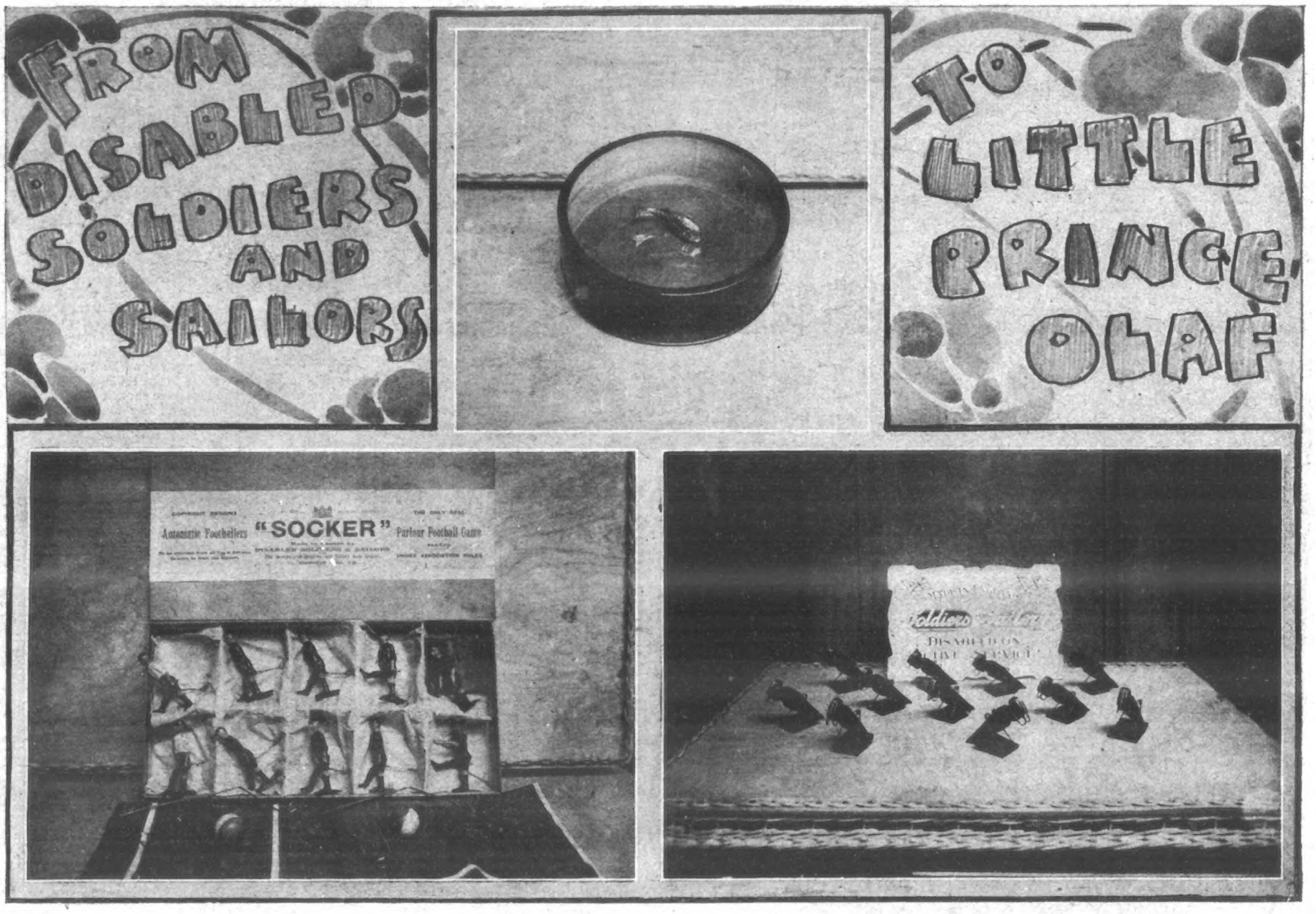
Ready for Winter.

An appetising and nourishing jelly can be made by dissolving a tablet of Ju-Vis in half the usual quantity of boiling water and allowing this to set.

Invalid Jelly.

One of the newest hair-ornaments is a dainty wreath of gold or silver apples with foliage to match. This is a very uncommon ornament for 7s. 6d. An extra shilling will purchase a different style of hair mount made of two sequin bands, in either gold or silver, with a lily at each side to match. A corsage bouquet of lilies, repeating the same idea, costs 9s. 6d. Dainty trifles of this kind make very acceptable Christmas gifts to the girl who has many parties in prospect.

For the Christmas-Party Girl.



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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

SUE'S LOVELY DOLL.

(*Continued from page 349.*)

shining stone stairs to run up and down all day! Oh, dear! some people seemed to have all the lovely things of life, while others had none.

Susan walked slowly up the steps, lingering on each one with envy. How white and clean they were! Then the shining bell, when she reached the top, and her hand closed over the bright, radiantly beaming knob with a little thrill of delight.

"Ring-a-ding-ding, ring-a-ding-ding," it went, with a resounding peal, and Sue almost jumped for joy. What a LOVELY noise it made! Then the door opened, and she was asked what she required.

"I've—I—found this," she began in a stammering voice, when there came a patter of soft feet down the hall, and the Little Blue Velvet Lady appeared.

"Oh—oh, dear! You've found Christabel Charlotte!" she cried, clapping her small pink hands, while her bright golden curls gleefully frolicked on her smooth forehead, and her blue eyes smiled down into Sue's with winning sweetness.

"Yes," replied Sue, who felt almost frightened in front of this beautiful little maiden.

"I must tell mother—will you come inside?" she asked, taking Susan's hand in her own dear small fingers, and leading her into a long wide hall.

"Look, mother, we've found Christabel Charlotte," cried the little golden-haired maiden, as her mother appeared.

"Oh, how very kind of this little girl to bring her back to us! You found her in the park, dear?" she asked, addressing Susan.

"Yes; and—and I wasn't going to bring her at first," was Sue's astonishing reply, as she raised two large sad eyes to the lady's face.

Then the little girl said something very quietly to her mother, and, when her mother nodded in return, she laughed quite loud and shook her pretty curls over her shoulder.

"Would you like Christabel Charlotte?—you see I've ever so many dollies—and perhaps—and perhaps—you'd love her," she finished taking Sue's brown hand and smiling down into her wondering little face.

"Keep her—for—for my very own," asked Sue as though she could never believe it was all quite real.

The little girl nodded brightly, then something more surprising happened, for she bent down and warmly kissed Sue's sparkling radiant face, and tucked up Christabel Charlotte in her chubby brown arms.

"Oh—and it's really mine?" questioned Sue while two merry dimples peeped out in her round ripe cheeks.

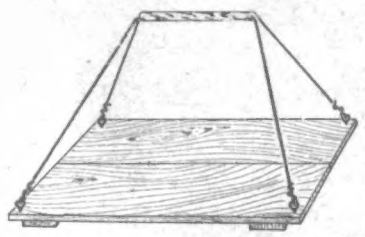
"Yes, it is your very own—and—and it was so good of you to bring her," said the little girl sweetly.

Oh! How lovely she was—Susan felt as though she would have loved to catch her tight and just hug her and kiss her till she couldn't stop, but she did not, only shyly slipped her small brown hand into the tiny pink one lying softly against the blue velvet dress, and said in a whisper of delight, "Oh I shall love her, she's so beautiful—almost as lovely as you." Then the little girl laughed merrily, and waved her hand to Sue as she tripped down the twenty white stone steps with her heart simply thumping with unbounded joy. This lovely, beautiful, elegant doll clad just like a princess—was her very, very, very own, and with each "VERY" she imprinted a warm kiss on dolly's cheek.

"P.I.P." FARMER AND GARDENER.

I am amusing myself in a useful way just now, planning how I shall crop my garden next year, and I can recommend this pastime to all enthusiastic gardeners. You know, of course, the evils of planting crops in the same position in one's garden two years in succession, and the present dull days give one good opportunity to think over the matter. My *modus operandi* is to first of all trace out a rough plan of my garden, with carefully checked measurements. Then, with a seedsman's complete list by me, I set out to decide what I shall grow and in what quantities. As I make up my mind on the various points, I apportion out the space, decide what seed to order, and otherwise plan matters. I find this careful and painstaking method most satisfactory, and a great saving both in seed and time when the planting season comes round.

Plans for Next Year.



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HENRY HUBBARD (Wimbledon).—It is early yet to plant gladioli. Plant them in the middle or back of the border in deeply-dug rich soil in February or March. The flowers are charming, but do not last very long.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Editorial Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

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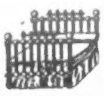

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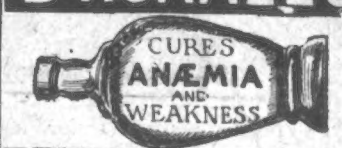

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